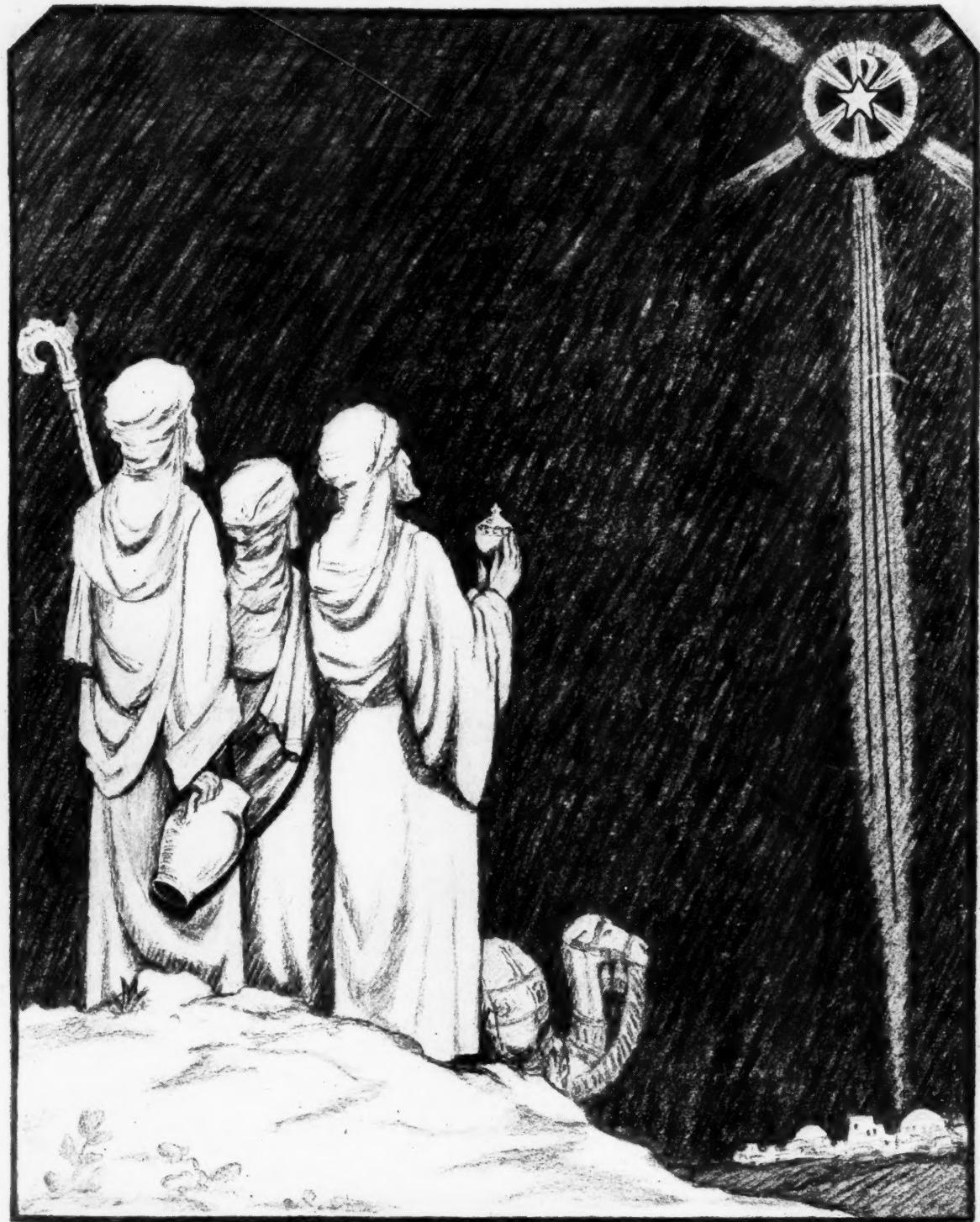


THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



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CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA INC.
(LEGAL TITLE)

DECEMBER
1929

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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MARYKNOLL IN CHRISTMAS GARB

Home is "sweet home" to young seminarians, and Maryknoll students are no exception; yet we venture to say that when Christmas Eve comes no Maryknoller will wish he was "with the folks", however much he loves them



THE FIELD AFAR



DECEMBER, 1929

CHRISTMAS IN MANY CLIMES

IN SNOWBOUND KOREA

Chuwa—

(Fr. Joseph Connors)

We enjoyed a happy Christmas. Confessions were heard until late in the evening, and, just before twelve, two fifteen-year-old boys were baptized. At Midnight Mass the tiny Chapel was crowded. Two men walked fourteen miles from an out-mission, and one man was present who had not been practicing his religion for twenty years. We hope that his return will mean the instruction and Baptism of his three children. At six in the morning I was awakened by a group of men with lanterns, who sang a Christmas carol very beautifully outside my window. I thought our Christians had prepared a surprise for us, but later in the day I learned that the carolers were a group of our Protestant brethren. All told, we had one hundred and fifty at the Masses on Christmas Day, and ninety received Holy Communion. After the last Mass, a snapshot was attempted. You should have seen the ladies (just like their American sisters) smoothing out their ruffles and arranging their tresses, and finally setting their faces in the most serious poses. According to Korean thinking, one must never smile during such a grave business. Due to the thoughtfulness of a good friend in America, I had some medals to pass out to the children. Medals and holy pictures are in constant demand, and are highly treasured. I had intended to favor only the children, but the women looked at me so appealingly that I was moved to make them radiantly happy by similar offerings.

Yeng You—

(Sr. Loyola)

We have been on vacation from language study for a few weeks, in order to prepare before Christmas the school children's Christmas socks and the party for the girls of the Industrial School. The Christians spared no effort to decorate the church inside and out, making a crib, hanging up the banners, building arches at the entrance,



A CHRISTMAS BELLE
In Korean wedding finery

ces, and stringing lights over the compound. These were lit after dark, and could be seen from all over the village. Before the Midnight Mass, there were sixteen Baptisms. Two of the converts were girls from our Industrial School. The little girls sang the High Mass and their voices were very clear and sweet. It was inspiring to see such a crowd at Mass and so many Communions.

The next day we bundled up in our warmest, to visit our Sisters up at Gishu. We met Monsignor on the train, who told us to be sure and have a ride on an ice-sled, which we did. We saw Antung, too, on our return, and had the additional thrill of a "droshky ride". In a few days we shall report again to the classroom, with renewed energy and eagerness to learn the language.

A Field Afar subscription is a gift that will be remembered.

NOEL IN MANCHURIA

Fushun—

(Bro. Benedict)

THE weather is cold and clear. Classes have been called off, and all are busy preparing for the Feast. After much talk as to how we would decorate the Chapel, Fr. P'an and our Chinese boys entered with a good supply of decorations. Needless to say, we "lost face" as decorators. We felt that they had their own ideas, and let them go ahead. The crib is a work of art. Made of old boxes, and of brown wrapping paper stained "a la Maryknoll", to represent hills, it is quite realistic. The Christians are attracted by it, and it is consoling to see so many kneeling in prayer before their Infant King.

Frs. Lane, P'an, and Gilbert heard over three hundred confessions on Christmas Eve, and there were some four hundred Christians in for the Feast. The Chapel was packed to overflowing at Midnight Mass. Fr. P'an preached, and Fr. Lane read a short greeting to the Japanese Christians. Fr. Gilbert and Mr. Sato, a Japanese Christian from Mukden, constituted the choir. Bro. Benedict played the organ. Later the Fathers said their three Masses, and at 9:30 we had another Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Fr. P'an, our Chinese pastor. Fr. Lane preached in Chinese. In the evening the seminarians staged a show, to which the faculty were invited. The temperature was about twenty below zero, but we managed to laugh enough to keep warm. At 10:30 P.M. all retired, after a day full of many consolations and blessings.

IN THE WUCHOW SECTOR

Pingnam—

(Fr. Ryan)

CHRISTMAS, my first in China, was delightful. In many ways it was very like those we were accustomed to at the Knoll. With nine of us here, there was no reason why we should not have a Midnight Mass with all the ceremony possible. We did; I

PROMOTE OUR LORD'S INTERESTS

THE FIELD AFAR

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suppose it was the first Solemn Mass that many of the Christians had attended.

Nobody had expected so many of the Christians for the Feast. The Chapel, which seems so large, was small on that day. As closely as we could count, there were three hundred and twenty. It certainly was a consoling sight, since we had pictured this mission as rather barren soil. Many had walked forty miles from their homes to be here for the Feast. Such acts in the early days of America were looked upon as proof of a strong Faith. The same must be true in South China.

FROM THE HAKKA MISSION
Chongpu—

(Fr. Gleason)

THE Christians here were very generous to us. We received a chicken, several pairs of chicken legs, eggs, wine, peanuts, and entirely too many Chinese cakes. Now these particular cakes are rare and special things for the Chinese. I eat them to show the Christians that I appreciate their generosity, but I can't honestly say that I enjoy them. Perhaps by the time the next Christmas comes around I shall have learned to like them.

Here in Chongpu we have a fine



A MANCHURIAN "PILL BOX ON WHEELS"

crowd of school boys; much the same type of boy as you will find back home. They helped me clean up most of the cakes.

FLOWERS IN KONGMOON
Tungchen—

(Fr. Tierney)

OUR Christmas here was a consolation. Over three hundred Christians came in for the Feast. From eleven o'clock on the morning of the

twenty-fourth till five that evening, there was a steady little stream of people coming to pay their respects to the *Shan Foos*. We heard confessions all day and evening, so that by eight o'clock practically all had been heard. At eight-thirty we had night prayers, and when three hundred and some healthy mountaineers let their voices ring out in prayer, it sounded as if they could rival the Angelic Choirs, if not in sweetness, surely in volume.

When I saw such a crowd, I began to wonder how they could all manage to get a place to sleep on our compound, but Fr. O'Melia said to leave that to them. It was quite safe to do so. At eleven o'clock I walked around, and judging by the noises I heard, they not only had succeeded in getting to bed but also to sleep, for at times it sounded like a gathering typhoon.

At eleven-thirty the boys rang the bell. All the oil lamps had been lit, and our little Chapel looked like a Cathedral. We had the entire Altar decorated with natural flowers and all around the sanctuary as well, for God gives us flowers here for Christmas, instead of snow and holly. The rest of the Chapel was well decorated with long strings of paper flowers in loud colors, which the Chinese like, and there was a row of lanterns on either side of the crib.

Fr. O'Melia said the Midnight Mass, and preached a fine sermon. I gave Holy Communion to everybody, so that they could make their thanksgiving at the other two Masses. Next morning I said my three Masses, after which I baptized two children, and then hurried to the dispensary, where we worked till noon. About that time the Christians had all started on their way home, and Christmas had passed, leaving us happy and thankful for the graces of the previous year.

Loting—

(Fr. Churchill)

I ARRIVED in Loting in time to take part in the preparation for the Feast of Christmas—my first real mission Christmas. This Feast was to be made a red-letter Christmas by the Baptism of some of the catechumens of Loking, our most distant outpost. These people, who were first interested in the Faith by Fr. McShane (God rest his soul!), had been waiting many months, almost



CHONGPU SCHOOLBOYS—
Finding what the Fan has to say

years in fact, for Baptism.

The pilgrims arrived two days before Christmas, and so were able to receive the benefit of a series of instructions from Wong Sin Shaang, the catechist here at the Center. In the intervals between these instructions, the women of the compound, assisted by the table-boy and the girls of the orphanage, decorated the Chapel according to Chinese ideals of art. They pasted red papers on the gateposts, hung Chinese lanterns along the pathways, and wreathed all the doorways of the Chapel with evergreen and bamboo leaves. To our surprise, perhaps out of deference to the vivid colors of the Chapel, their scheme of interior decoration was also carried out in evergreen. The crib was very "Maryknolly". We were more than delighted with their efforts, and I am sure the Infant Savior shared our delight.

Nine were baptized at eleven o'clock, Christmas Eve, and made their First Communion at Midnight Mass. I, as the fledgling missioner of the station, administered the Baptisms, and said the Midnight Mass. I don't think I'll ever forget the thrill I had when, after the

PUT MARYKNOLL IN YOUR WILL

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Ingredimini in templum Dei, I walked up the aisle of the Chapel with the whole "choir" reciting the Credo in unison behind me! And then, the Communion! Everybody in the Church—except the younger orphans and the table-boy, who is still a catechumen—received Holy Communion, which, I believe, sets a new high average for feast day observance in the Maryknoll South China Mission. We have few Christians in the Loting mission, but the few we have are good. They knelt through the three Masses at midnight, and were out bright and early the next morning for the other Masses. After Benediction in the afternoon, we gave the new converts rosaries, medals, crucifixes, and brightly colored lithographs of Our Lady and St. Joseph. Next morning we saw them off on their homeward road, about the happiest group that ever walked from Loting to Loking.

HOLY NIGHT IN MANILA St. Mary's Hall— (Sr. Theodore)

AT six o'clock on Christmas Eve we knelt around a little picture of the Christ Child in our front window, and said special prayers for all our near and far ones. Then we lit a candle, which we kept burning until twelve.

*Let the door be open wide,
And no blind be drawn at all;
For maybe sh'd be walking
With the Child within her shawl;
And how could we be bearing
The weight of shame and sin,
If she passed upon the roadway
With no light to guide her in?*
(Liam P. Clancy.)

Dear Friend:

At last (and alas!) we had to take out of its little frame the stencil on which your name and address were carefully stamped when you first kindly gave us your subscription. It has remained quietly in its place awaiting its turn each month to print your name, and have *The Field Afar* forwarded to you.

Now, according to postal regulations, it must be disposed of—and lest it should be sold by the junk man to some wideawake subscription agency that would hound you, our friend, we are sending it to you, for disposal.

Should you decide to return it and let it continue its service, we shall be very happy to restore it to its place. We certainly do not like to part with it.



THE PASTOR AND HIS "CRUET"

Fr. O'Melia Fr. Churchill

were there. A statue of Our Lady of Lourdes served well as Our Lady of Bethlehem.

After Mass, we visited the cribs. There was one in each building. The girls had taken care of decorating the one in the large wooden building, and it was a work of art! They had bought dolls with fat, round, jolly, chubby little faces, and dressed them like angels. The most unethereal looking angels you could imagine! These, they perched up in the air, dangerously near the edge of the paper rocks that formed the roof of the cave. Really, you would have loved them.

After the procession, supper was served in the refectory, and then the fun began. From the dining room the girls repaired to the *sala*, where old Santa awaited them with snowballs and stockings. It was three-thirty before the family party broke up.

Malabon Normal School— (Sr. Angela)

AT the three Masses and the visit to the cribs, all gathered in the community room around the "fireplace" (!) where the logs were burning brightly; for our little Sister artist had made the loveliest, homey fireplace that one could imagine—even the ashes were sprinkled around the fireplace, and we could hear the crackling of the logs (paper)! There was also a real Christmas tree from Baguio, as well as messages and packages from the folks back home. How kind they are to us. Silence reigned for a few moments as the messages were read.

You may wonder whether a turkey found its way to Malabon. Well, in September we secured a couple of young ones, and had them well fattened by Christmas. It was a very happy Christmas for all of us.



THE CHRISTMAS MYSTERY PLAY
At St. Mary's Hall, Manila

SPREAD YOUR FAITH

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1929



1. FR. STEPHEN HANNON AND THE CHRISTIANS OF PAK TCHUNG,
FEBRUARY, 1929



2. THE FOLLOWING MONTH: A GAIN OF ABOUT ONE HUNDRED
PER CENT



3. PAK TCHUNG CHRISTIANS IN MAY, 1929

The Silver Lining

THESE pictures are not snapshots of a miracle, but they do portray an instance of the consoling and stimulating developments that occasionally make amends to the foreign missionary for the ordinary hum-drum current of daily events, so disappointing in their contrast with the dreams he used to have about "life as it would be" on the missions.

Korea, in the good old days, that is, from the end of the last persecution in 1885, until the craze for modernity and material wealth gripped the country so forcefully and so generally a decade and a half ago, was the most encouraging mission country in all the world. In those days, as soon as a pagan was baptized, he appointed himself as catechist, and set about rounding up his neighbors, too, to bring them into the fold. Many are the stories told by the old French missionaries of extraordinary growth and striking conversions. But of late years the old order has passed, and the "pride of life" has taken its toll by cutting in two the annual number of conversions.

Any exception, therefore, is nowadays all the more striking, and the more highly prized.

Such is the recent growth of our little community of Pak Tchun, a station in the parish of Father Hannon, in north Korea.

No. 1 shows the little group of Christians that greeted Father Hannon last February when he went to Pak Tchun to make the usual spring visitation of the stations. At that time he found a number of pagans studying the catechism, and promised to return the following month to examine them.

No. 2 shows the congregation the following month, increased by the number of those who had passed the examination and been baptized. The gain is about one hundred per cent. Those who failed were encouraged to keep studying the answers as well as the questions.

SUBSCRIBE FOR A FRIEND

With this issue of The Field Afar, there will be sent to the religious teachers who are on our list of subscribers a specially prepared guide, which we believe will prove interesting and useful. This guide contains references to Field Afar articles, paragraphs, and notes, bearing on the several subjects of study.

No. 3 shows what perseverance and contagion can do. It is the parish two months later, with a congregation of over sixty. Moreover, Father Hannon has a trump card up his sleeve in the photo that he didn't send, a picture of twenty-three more neophytes who are now wrestling with question and answer of the catechism.

Problems of chapel-accommodation, schooling, and so forth, that naturally follow upon such a mission development, while always puzzling, are ever decidedly welcome. To build barns for the harvest is never easy, but their very need, the actual vision of spiritual fruits, transforms the mission life, as it transforms the missioner, with the vivid appreciation that the finger of God is here, and is blessing his efforts.



ROSARY CHURCH, KOWLOON, FROM THE MARYKNOLL PROCURE

Where Street Lights Mingle with the Stars

(By Fr. Paschang)



Myriad lights glow on the hill that is Hong Kong

ONE tooth broken by a pebble in the rice, the filling of another jerked out by Chinese candy, appetite jaded and digestion rebellious, pepless and cranky in general—this condition of incipient decrepitude calls for the drastic treatment of a trip to Hong Kong, where a diet of beefsteak and accompaniments will cure without a doctor.

Hong Kong, as the crow could fly, distant only a couple of hundred miles, but as a Chinese junk flounders, distant several days. Chinese junks, where one wrangles for a space to stretch one's bones amid the pigs, and chickens, and three-inch cockroaches; where

the squeal of crate-cramped pigs never ceases; and a thousand roosters begin at midnight to salute the dawn. Columbus was happy when he walked down the gangplank to the land that was free, but you should hear the unsung Te Deum of the junk-passenger when he comes out of his hole, and crawls over the livestock to drop into a shore-bound sampan. Can you wonder that, in his haste, he sometimes forgets to pick up his Breviary?

Observe the pilgrim from the hills as he lands on the Hong Kong rock. Accustomed to towns where peddlers unload their packs in the middle of the street, he is dazed by the speed of the taxis and trams and racing rickshaws. If he yielded to impulse, he would stand in the middle of the street and let his eyes and ears absorb the color and sound of this hybrid city where East meets West, coming and going, until he would arrive at the hospital instead of the place he is bound for, namely, the Maryknoll Procure.

So, to Kowloon across the bay. Nearly all the rickshaw trotters know where to take the beardless man with a cassock. The newly arrived from the rural regions walks into the Procure like a baron into his castle, and is received like a prodigal son. Procurator and houseboy hustle to give him service. The Procurator tears himself away from his interesting (!) bookkeeping to see that his

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guest is suitably settled, and tells him what is going on in the city and in the world at large. The Procurator must be a bureau of information, and a city directory. He must know the best place to go for this, and the best place to have that done, whether it be a great department store or a dingy Chinese shop up the alley. He must also have on hand some extra underclothes for his guests.

During the missioner's stay in this outside world, the Procurer is his haven. After a day of dental torture, or of window shopping (with an empty pocketbook), he drifts back to the quiet house in Kowloon—quiet, unless there be other brethren from the country. Should there be, as often happens, a pilgrim from some different mission field harbored at the Procurer between boats, the newly arrived gathers bits of wisdom and a broader view of mission work.

After some days he has finished his business and feels fine. He now begins to wonder how they are getting along without him back at the mission; and the pig and poultry boat beckon him home.

As the night craft churns up the dark river, he stands on the deck, and gazing on the myriad lights that glow on the broad side of the hill that is Hong Kong, he feels that he has had a good vacation in this corner of the world's cross-roads, where the street lights mingle with the stars.

SO THEY SAY

The enclosed check is stringless. I can't think of a better way to start a new check book.—N. Y.

I find THE FIELD AFAR interesting and inspiring, and I look forward to its coming each month.—N. Y. C.

We read THE FIELD AFAR from cover to cover each month, and are deeply interested in all that concerns the Maryknoll missions.—Ill.

Everyone in our house would be lonely if THE FIELD AFAR did not come regularly. Enclosed find our subscription for two years.—Mass.

HERE AND THERE



NEW AMERICAN MISSIONERS FOR CHINA

Four of this group from the Convent of St. Francis of Assisi, St. Francis, Wis., left in August for Tsinanfu in Shantung Province

Twenty-five hundred new subscribers, from thirty-five states and several foreign countries, constitute our record for last month.

We often receive advertisements addressing us at MERRY-KNOLL, a good Christmassy name, and more welcome than the occasional *Miss* or *Mrs. Mary Knoll*.

Dean J. Hanscom, General Passenger Agent of the American Mail Line of Seattle, announces an Oriental Winter Cruise.

The Cruise now being organized will sail from Seattle January 25th, on the "President Cleveland". It will arrive at Manila February 18th. The itinerary then reads as follows: Hong Kong, Canton, Shanghai, Nanking, Tientsin, Peiping (old Peking), Dairen, Mukden in Manchuria, Seoul in Korea, and from thence to Japan. The party will be away for about three months, members returning to the United States either by way of Honolulu to San Francisco, or direct to Seattle.

its first group of missionaries to the Orient. Some weeks ago, four of the Sisters sailed for Tsinanfu, Shantung, China, where they will start a high school for girls. While in San Francisco, the Sisters visited the Maryknoll Convent at Los Altos.

Our Catholic Sisterhoods will have their Review. Already this Review, a monthly, has a habitation and a name. The habitation is at St. Paul, Minnesota, the name *Sponsa Regis*. Long life to the new-born, and may *Sponsa Regis* have every needed blessing and bear much fruit.

MARYKNOLL CHRISTMAS SEAL

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and the
missions
better
known.*



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THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

SUPPORT A CATECHIST

The Bread Returns

By Father Walsh,
Sup'r. Gen'l. of Maryknoll



JOHN FONG YING,
"RETURNED CHINESE"

IT is over twenty years since I met John Fong Ying for the first time. He was one of several Chinese laundrymen in whom a Boston priest, now dead, Father Walter Browne, became interested.

Father Browne, with the help of some Chinese catechisms, did what he could to instruct these Chinese, and later received some of them into the Church. I met them on several occasions, and recall, besides "Fong" as we called him, one other, Joe Fie Ark.

After some ten years' absence from Boston, I had occasion to visit a classmate, a pastor in a certain large city of the Springfield diocese. I arrived for supper, and had hardly finished when the telephone bell rang, and my host surprised me by announcing that a Chinese was at the other end, asking to speak with me.

It was "Fong", graduated from the ironing board to the cashier's

desk of a restaurant, his own.

"Fong" had been home to China several times, each trip making his little family more comfortable. He told me of his success, of his family, and of his desire to give his daughter an American education. I was pleased to learn afterwards, from my host, that "Fong" was an edifying parishioner.

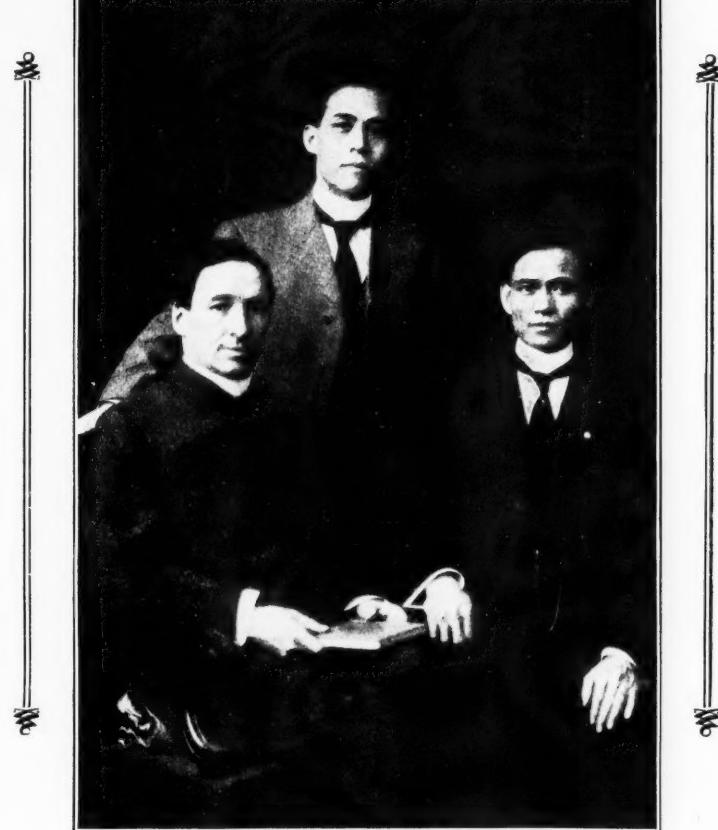
That was five years ago, and now I learn from Fr. Cairns, Maryknoll pastor at Sunning (in China) that John Fong Ying is a very highly esteemed resident of that important city, the home of the Fongs and of hundreds of other Americanized Chinese.

Moreover, Bishop Walsh, who

has met Fong in China, tells us that this "returned American Catholic" is contributing ten thousand dollars Mexican (five thousand dollars gold) for a church, the first to be built in his native city; also a valuable piece of land for the building of a convent school, to be conducted by Maryknoll Sisters.

I am presenting this (to me) very interesting story, because it exemplifies so well the possibilities of great good to be accomplished for the missions by those of us, priests and laity, whose lives will be passed in the homeland.

Your laundryman may prove to be another John Fong Ying.



IN BOSTON TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Superior General of Maryknoll, at that time Propagation of the Faith Director in Boston, and two Chinese friends, Joe Fie Ark (standing), and John Fong Ying

GET THE MITE BOX HABIT

THE FIELD AFAR

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DECEMBER, 1929

Knoll Noel

HOME is "sweet home" to young seminarians, and Maryknoll students are no exception; yet we venture to say that when Christmas Eve comes, no Maryknoller will wish that he was "with the folks", however much he loves them.

There are unrevealed compensations in every house of God at any time, but in no season more than during Christmaseide.

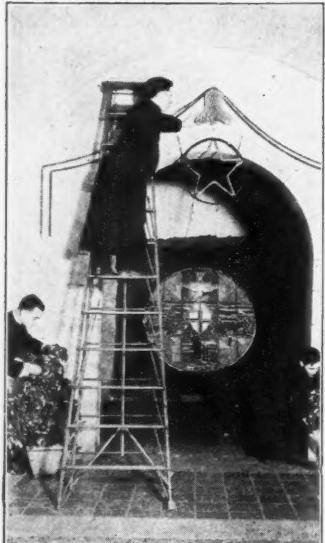
Already at the Knoll there are stirrings of special activities, and we can almost hear the angel choirs in the distance.

A.F.M. to M.M.—

UNTIL recently the initials A.F. M. after a priest's name signified *American Foreign Missions* (that's us.) These initials have been rubbed out, and replaced by M.M.—*Maryknoll Missions*—(that's us, also).

This change came through the General Chapter, but we are the same as before, in spite of it. So call us M.M.—after all it is shorter.

What is more important to note is that our corporation title is always the same, *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America*. This for *wills*.



TO WELCOME SANTA

THE court photographer has laid in a small store of plates for holiday use. He loves winter scenes, and like more people in this sector, he is hoping for a snow covering that will provide him with a Christmas background. The court photographer is almost weather proof. He wears thin clothing, and no gloves. His head is rarely covered with a hat, and never with hair. His cassock appears to be impermeable—for which we are thankful, because the court photographer is more than an amateur, and we need him to entertain FIELD AFAR readers, as well as ourselves. He is Foto-on-the-spot whenever a good subject presents himself—or herself—or whenever an occasion arises that is worthy of note, now or for the future.

When the Chapter delegates were in session, he grouped the old timers and focussed his best lens on their happy faces. When Sister Paul of Hong Kong turned up one day to inspect the seminary (which was only on paper when she left), Father Foto learned of the visit by some underground system, and voila!—Sister Paul with "Phyllis and Lollie", her two traveling companions, turned their surprised eyes to the camera man.

Nor was he too far away from the local Information Bureau to learn that Bishop Dunn was on the compound, one fine September day, escorting a group of Sisters over the premises. But when he learned that every mother's daughter of them was a Superior or a Provincial, and that, centered among them, modestly, of course, was their Mother General,



FR. FOTO WITH AN ARCTIC
CABBAGE
"Alas, poor Yorick."

it looked as if his courage and skill would desert him. He made the shot, however, and blames the *cornette* for any criticism.

By the way, dear reader, would you believe that this little and honorable Mother General of the Daughters of Saint Vincent (for such she was) has under her no fewer than forty thousand Sisters? Can the successful direction of such an army of women be explained otherwise than by the Grace of God?

Just here, we mean no reflection on the devout female sex, to whom we owe, under God, our being on this planet, and a great many other favors.

Dobin Departs—

WE register the demise of a horse. He was a fine animal,

AN ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS CARD

A Maryknoll Art Department card, bearing to your friend your warm good wishes and those of Maryknoll, will be sent to each person on your gift list to whom you offer the year-long present of a subscription to

THE FIELD AFAR
(\$1 a year; 6 years, \$5)

BACK CHRIST'S ARMY

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1929

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one of a pair, and we needed him badly. We have been using five horses at the Knoll, two pairs and a single. The single is a sorry specimen, but he is alive and kicking—also eating.

Shall we get a tractor, or another horse? There are advantages and disadvantages to be considered, but we will not bother you, unless you can advise us?

A Dream Coming True—

BEFORE the leaves fell, ground was broken for the Mother-House of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, helpers of all Maryknollers from the start. The simple ceremony took place quietly, on the afternoon of the departure from Maryknoll of nine young missionaries—eight priests, and one Brother, all destined for the Orient. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Dunn, Auxiliary of New York, turned the first spade. He was followed by Father Walsh, the Superior General of Maryknoll, several priests, and two prominent Catholic laymen, Mr. George MacDonald and Mr. Michael Williams, Editor of *The Commonwealth*.

Some weeks later, the welcome sound of the steam-shovel across the highway broke in on the quiet of the Knoll, and a long-cherished dream of some faithful and devoted women began to be realized.

The Mother-House of the Maryknoll Sisters is a great project, as will be understood when we state that the house is designed to accommodate two hundred and fifty Sisters, including professed, novices, and postulants. Few among these can give to God more than themselves (is not that much?), and their sources of support are limited almost wholly to charity. Yet faith works wonders, and the sacrifice of youth inspires charity, otherwise this great enterprise could never have been launched.

According to human standards, it would hardly succeed, but with God all things are possible, and since He has called so many daughters to His Service, surely He will find for them friends to

build the house in which He and they will live, in the one enduring Love.

Friends of Maryknoll will bring blessings on themselves in return for their interest in this enterprise of the Maryknoll Sisters.

S-O-S—

AFTER the first Maryknoll Chapter was over, they took a certain mild and harmless missioner and crowned him. They made him "Treasurer General", first class with an octave.

When he inquired about his duties, he was told he must take

the deposit to the bank every day.

Then they gave him the deposit for that day, it was in a battered black bag; and led him to the Maryknoll auto, a Jewett that once in the long, long ago was second hand. Now it is decidedly centipede.

When he lifted the bag into the auto, the new Treasurer wondered why the society didn't get a Rolls Royce.

When he opened the bag at the bank and set aside a rosy brick, he understood better.

Now, the auto went willingly enough to the bank, but later on



BISHOP DUNN BRINGS WELCOME VISITORS TO THE KNOll
Among this group of Sisters of Charity is the Mother General from Paris

READ MARYKNOLL BOOKS

the Treasurer remembered that it was down hill all the way.

On the way back, things seemed to be going fine, the engine roared beautifully, but on the last hill the scenery gradually subsided, and finally was at peace. The engine was willing indeed, but the clutch was weak, even its protest was weak, and it slipped and it slipped, till they all backed down together.

It is usually a disgrace for an auto to be hitched to a horse, but the Jewett didn't mind. You could see his spirit was broken entirely.

So we sent for the second-hand dealer.



THE JEWETT IN ITS HEYDAY

His eye was bright till he saw the Jewett. "Well, I tell you, Father," said he, "I have been interested in your work for some time. I think it is wonderful, your training these boys to go out to China and Japan to live all their lives converting the heathen. It's a great sacrifice they are making, and I think we folks at home should do our part in helping along this wonderful work. I tell you what, Father, seeing it's Maryknoll's, I'll give you eighteen dollars for the car."

We chased him down the hill, hoping he would come back and make it twenty.

Alas, he cometh not—and even eighteen dollars are not to be sneezed at. The old black bag, minus the brick, is not too heavy—but still we do need an auto, for many, many reasons. *R. S. V. P.*

FURTHERING THE CAUSE

The Maryknoll Annuity enables Catholics of moderate means, but of world-wide hearts, to co-operate in the extension of God's reign. Write now for further details.

*Address: The V. Rev. Superior
Maryknoll, N. Y.*



WHEN BOREAS BLOWS
ON THE KNOLL

Just in Time

WE of Maryknoll have a habit of building as we need. This is because we live from hand to mouth (whatever that means). We do live from day to day, and the first of the month always finds us wondering if we can meet our obligations—and thanking God afterwards for having inspired kindly souls to make this possible.

But we try not to build ahead of actual needs, and this was our policy at the Vénard (Clarks Summit, Pa.), our first Preparatory Seminary.

Until this year we got along with half a building and temporary chapels, successively occupied. Last year we felt obliged to complete the building in anticipation of our increased student body. We did so—*just in time*. Had we waited till this year, we should have been badly off.

The Vénard is now substantially finished, and will comfortably house one hundred and sixty students. We look forward to no further addition at Clarks Summit. Should many more than one hundred and sixty present themselves in this eastern sector of the United States, we would try to establish elsewhere.

In the meantime, we hope gradually to reduce a very large debt that burdens this, our first and largest preparatory college.

The chapel at the Vénard is designed as a memorial to the late Bishop Hoban. We plan to meet its cost, if possible, through offerings from priests and people who knew and revered that esteemed prelate.

For the gradual reduction of debt on the college building itself, we must depend on friends anywhere and everywhere; on special small savings and economies; above all, we are happy to confess, on that marvelous Providence of God that has already accomplished so much for us.

A Maryknoll gift—a book, or *The Field Afar*—for your friend in religion.

Training for Mission Roads

A GROUP of Vénard boys returning to their studies decided to get ahead of the Lackawanna railroad by purchasing an ancient Ford for thirteen dollars, and wheezing their way from New York, N. Y., to Clarks Summit, Pa. They arrived. That was in the fall of 1928.

There is no spare garage space at the Vénard, but we have acres of land, and there the *Tin Lizzie* was parked in sunshine, shadow, snow, hail, and rain, unused during the scholastic year. In June, a few days before the school closed, our hardy aspirant missionaries thought of their friend again.

They hauled and overhauled it, until it actually showed signs of life, and one beautiful Sunday morning they set out to see the folks and home, sweet home. One of them announces success in the following letter:

We left the Vénard at seven-twenty on Sunday morning, bound for New York by way of Carbondale, Hawley, Port Jervis, and Nyack. For the first ten miles we did not make good time, as there was a great deal of hill climbing. After this climbing, our motor warmed up and we all began to throw our cares to the wind, when, thirty miles from Scranton, a loud report announced our first flat. We were in front of a farmhouse. While the others were removing the tire, I went in to get some water for the radiator. The farmer gave us a tube, a tire repair outfit, and fixed up the flat. When we offered him money for his service, he asked who we were. We told him of our vocation and ambitions. He then refused to take anything, saying, "Just remember that a Freemason can help even a Catholic." We thanked him cordially and went off happy, determined to reach New York or "bust".

We did "bust". Half way to the metropolis, we stopped for refreshments, but when we tried to start again we found we had lost the crank

Why not a Christmas gift repeated monthly? The Field Afar, we mean.



PIONEER GROUP OF VENARD STUDENTS, 1913

Several of these boys are now seasoned missioners

pins, and had to push the car to get it going. When two miles from the ferry, we heard another loud report. Our tube had to be patched in about five places. Then the pump broke. At this point, it was suggested that we take off the license plates and junk the car, but the majority were against this measure, so we continued repairing. After three hours, we were at last ready to finish one "grand and glorious" day. We arrived home tired, hungry, and dirty, but cheerful and whole. *Deo gratias!*

Pioneers in Cincinnati

WHILE the Maryknoll Junior Seminary at Cincinnati is still an infant, and housed in small but comfortable quarters quite appropriate for its size, yet it is doing nicely thank you! It is making no rash promises, but, without going on a yeast diet, it expects within a few years to rival in size its older brothers, the preparatory seminaries at Scranton, Pennsylvania, and Los Altos, California.

The house in which our pioneer students are dwelling was formerly occupied by a Cincinnati lawyer, and later by a physician. It is a typical country home of eleven rooms, that have proved quite adequate for chapel, study hall, dormitory, recreation room, and parlor. A furnace in the basement, and a pleasant veranda in the front of the house are much appreciated assets. It is situated in a grove of beautiful trees at one corner of the grounds of St. Gregory's Seminary (the preparatory college of the archdiocese), where our

Maryknoll students attend their classes. Now, to verify all of this, you must pay us a visit and investigate for yourself. Just ask for Maryknoll at Mount Washington in Cincinnati!

Maryknoll houses, both new and old, are always glad to welcome visitors. Looking over the names in our guest book since our opening last September, we find that our most distinguished visitor was His Grace, the Archbishop of Cincinnati. Archbishop McNicholas has almost spoiled us with his kindness since our arrival. Next came our own Superior General, Father Walsh, on his first visitation to his new foundation in Cincinnati. Msgr. Ford, Maryknoll's Prefect Apostolic in Kaying, South China, occupied our very humble guest room for a few days, before continuing on his return to his Mission. Several of the priests of the archdiocese have dropped in to say "hello". Students from the various schools have come on various errands of kindness to Maryknoll. The first of these whom we welcomed was a group of college students from Clifton, Cincinnati.

The coming of Maryknoll to Cincinnati met with the kindly interest of everyone with whom we have come in contact: priests, Brothers, Sisters, and layfolk. May God bless them all for the happy welcome they have extended to Maryknoll!

The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated, is our legal title.

PLEASE RENEW PROMPTLY

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1929

THE FIELD AFAR

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with all subscriptions.)

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

BLESSINGS and joys this Christmastide and always, for our many and devoted friends. May the Infant Savior bless them and all who are near and dear to them! This is our wish.

And Joseph went up to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child.

FEW among our friends are wealthy. God has blessed Maryknoll through the sacrifices and prayers of many, rather than from the surplus of the few.

To the many we suggest that, in remembering their relatives and friends this Christmas, they consider a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR, or a Maryknoll book.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—pray for us. This invocation sounds strange to most of us, simply because it is rarely used in our books of devotion or in vocal prayers.

Yet, we recall it as the name by which our Blessed Mother referred to herself when she appeared at Lourdes to the child Bernadette, "Je suis l' Immaculée Conception".

This is her month. Let us draw near to her and, through her, closer to the Divine Child.

FOR Advent, in preparation for the Christmastide, Maryknoll sends out yearly a call for assistance. It asks for straw to comfort the Divine Babe. The comfort it seeks is the gathering of souls in fields white for the harvest. If you, dear reader, should receive a reminder of Maryknoll's need—and it is especially urgent this year—"harden not your heart".

And it came to pass that when they were at Bethlehem, her days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

WITH the Sancian Island Shrine a responsibility for our Maryknoll missionaries, it can be easily realized that the anniversary of Saint Francis Xavier's death (December 3rd) is one of special devotion in all Maryknoll houses. Thanks to the efforts of Bishop Dunn of New York, seconded by his friends, there is immediate prospect of unusual activities at the spot where the great apostle of the Indies breathed his last.

As a "business proposition" THE FIELD AFAR, although it enjoys an enviable circulation, would hardly attract investors. It yields no direct profit.

Thanks to God, however, and to some—not a large proportion of our readers, we must admit—it has been largely instrumental in supplying Maryknoll and Maryknollers, at home and abroad, with the means to carry on the work of the Master.

And she brought forth her first-born Son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

BEFORE this copy of THE FIELD AFAR reaches our readers on the Pacific Coast, some of them will have met our Superior General on his annual rounds.

Making the rounds would be a light and pleasant task in these days, if it could be leisurely done; but, when one sleeps on a train fifteen nights out of thirty, and during the day is kept busy as interrogator or target by turns, travel loses some of its charm. However, the Maryknoll *Number One* sees advantages everywhere, and on the whole enjoys his visitations.

¶

LAST year, a Chinese student at one of our secular universities chanced to meet a Maryknoll priest on the campus, and complained that he found it difficult to learn English among so many fellow-students from his own country. He desired to attend a school where he would be isolated among Americans, and forced to speak English. The Maryknoller suggested Dayton University, and the student entered the midwest institution. Recently, after one year, the youth wrote a letter which not only indicated progress in English, but showed that the student has been able to get a fair idea of the Catholic Church, of which, previously, he had known practically nothing. The good results, in later years, of this contact between priest and student may be surprising.

And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night watches over their flock.

THE feast of Saint Francis Xavier, or the Sunday nearest to it, has been taken in recent years by some of the Propagation of the Faith Directors in the United States as an occasion to emphasize the mission spirit.

A sign of the times is this *Mission Sunday* idea, which is gradually appealing along the line.

Thirty-odd years ago, it did not occur to our bishops and priests that Catholics of the United States, then a missionary country, should think it a duty to supply money, much less priests, Brothers, and

Sisters to pagan lands. Time has changed, and we remark the fact with joy.

If there is a *Mission Sunday* in your diocese, dear reader, manifest your interest in it. The spiritual edifice of the Church rises soul by soul, as structures designed by men are reared stone upon stone. Your co-operation with the general mission activities in your diocese will add strength to the Church Universal.

And behold an angel of the Lord stood by them and the brightness of God shone round about them; and they feared with a great fear.

CHIRSTMAS in Kaying, China, will be made unusually happy for Maryknollers and their flocks by the return of their "Number One".

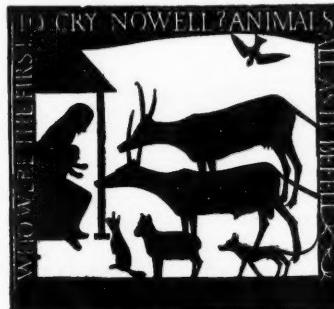
It was "Father" Ford who left months ago to meet the Maryknoll Superior at Rome, and, later, to assist at the first General Chapter of his Society.

Then, Fr. Ford was under the jurisdiction of a French Bishop—the kindly Monseigneur Rassac of Swatow. Now he is Prefect Apostolic of the newly formed prefecture of Kaying, and he appears before his flock in the purple of his rank.

¶

MANY miles to the southwest of Msgr. Ford's Mission, another group of Christians will welcome home their Father in Christ—our zealous and tireless confrère, Fr. Bernard Meyer. His flock is small and poor, but Fr. Meyer has won their esteem, and will feel the warmth of their good hearts this blessed Christmastide.

And the angel said to them: Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people.

**GIFTS**

Ev'ry creature by Thee made
On Thy birthday homage paid:
Angels lent Thee Hymn of praise,
Heav'n the star with silver rays,
Wise men incense, myrrh, and gold,
Shepherds wonder manifold,
Beasts the manger, earth the cave;
We the Virgin Mother gave.
(Ancient Spanish Noel)

THE future is bright with hope, and it is well, because the task that lies before the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America is practically unlimited.

Maryknoll, organized by the action of the American hierarchy to express the vital interest of American Catholics in the conversion of the world to Christ, received its commission from the Holy Father himself, acting through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda at Rome. Its fields are assigned by that august body, to which the Catholic Church looks for the direction of the apostolate in lands that are dark.

Already three fields have been canonically entrusted to Maryknoll, two others are ripening for delivery, and, when these five will have been staffed, more will be waiting.

It will be easily realized that an increased student body in a foreign mission seminary is welcome news for those at Rome on

This little enamel pin, in blue and gold, or red and gold, is a gem—and costs only fifty cents.



For, this day is born to you a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

whom rests the great responsibility of multiplying the Tabernacles where Christ dwells, and extending His Cross into every portion of this inhabited sphere.

In all, then, we have two hundred and thirty students. Proportionately the number is small, yet, for a new society, it is gratifying.

Gratifying, yes, but not entirely satisfying, so long as there are peoples on this planet to whom the Word of God has not been spoken.

¶

THE latest among Catholic missionaries in China to meet violent deaths at the hands of bandits were three Franciscans, Bishop Trudo Jans, with Frs. Bruno and Rupertus.

This brings the murders of Catholic priests in China up to more than twenty-two in the past few years.

Is this alarming? Hardly. These murders were not countenanced by officials, or counselled by the rank and file of Chinese. Like murders committed in this country *daily*, they were the work of lawless men, who might have been different had they had such advantages as our American youth possess.

The Catholic priest who goes into the interior of China and remains there practically unguarded must be prepared, however, in these days, to meet death by violence.

The country is in a process of evolution. As order comes out of chaos, and ruffians find themselves faced by law, it is not unlikely that, under slight provocation, or with none at all, they will vent their hatred on the white man—to whose civilization the rulers of their country have turned.

While we sympathize with the Franciscans in their loss of such precious helpers, we congratulate them on this holocaust, which must bring great blessings to their missions.

Christmas with



IN South China ours is always a "green Christmas"—very much, I think, like the first Christmas, though probably less frosty. With us, the roses are in bloom, and the flowers and vegetables brought from the colder clime of the homeland and planted in October after the summer's heat had passed, are well on the way to maturity. Jack Frost threatens frequently, but seldom does us much harm, though the nights are cold enough, in our unheated houses, for heavy blankets and quilts.

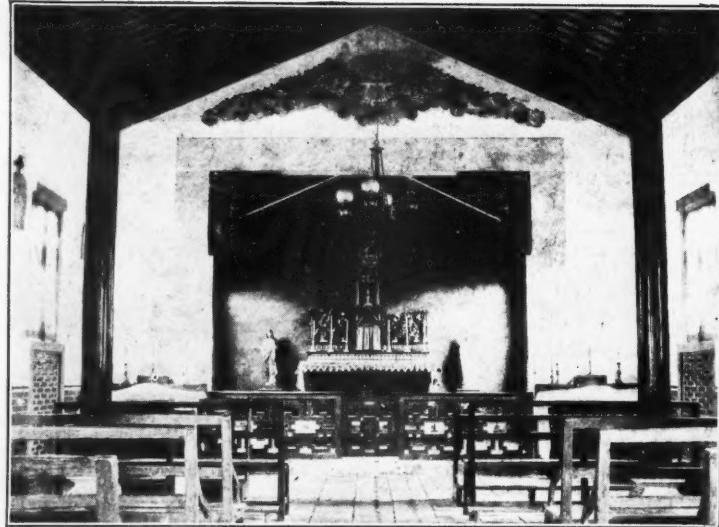
Christmas is "Jesus' Holy Birthday", one of the four great feasts of the year on which the Christians have the custom of coming in from the outlying districts. The others are Easter, Pentecost, and the Assumption. Of course, they have their village chapel—usually no more than a room in a mud-walled house—with catechist or elder to lead the prayers and give instructions. There, also, the priest visits them several times a year, and gives a Mission whenever he can, but the coming together for the feasts has its own particular value.

In the village they have seen little of the ceremonies of the Church, or of the reservation and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and it is hard for them to conceive of the world-wide Church. These gatherings serve to give them a deeper insight into the beauty and solemnity of the Church's ceremonial, make them acquainted with one another, increase the spirit of solidarity, and widen narrow horizons.

The Eve of the Feast—

They arrive the day before, all on foot, many, like the Holy Family, having spent more than one weary day over mountain, and valley, and stony paths, seeking shelter in wayside inns. Only a few can walk to the river and float down in little boats.

More than three hundred who last year kept the pagan festival of the winter solstice have since received the saving waters; they are a little awkward in church and stand back rather diffidently, but their elder brothers in Christ are glad to explain the significance of the crib and the rest, and, simple-hearted like the shepherds, seeing, they understood the word that had been spoken to them concerning this child.



FR. MEYER'S CHAPEL AT PINGNAM, SOUTH CHINA
Last Christmas more than three hundred newly baptized worshiped in this chapel, who, the year before, kept the pagan festival of the winter solstice

After supper together, there are big kettles of boiling water for the evening bath, then the call to chapel. The catechumens here for the first time have not yet caught the idea of reverence, and rush in pell-mell to get places on the few benches, but they learn quickly, and the example of the older Christians who file in after them is not lost. Night prayers are said in lusty unison, then there is a sermon, followed by confessions.

Space for the night is at a premium, so every possible nook is occupied. Brick and concrete do not seem to daunt them, though all they have under them is a thin straw mat. This of the men; I presume the same is true of the ladies over in the women's quarters, which are separated from this side by the chapel and a brick wall.

The town has been combed for quilts, which may be rented at four cents a night. Each quilt must do for at least two, even three or four, if bodies are small and the quilt large. The priest or catechist picks his way around among the recumbent forms, with an eye to the possibility of squeezing in another here or there, or he administers a mild rebuke to someone who isn't playing the game and wants a whole quilt to himself.

They seem easily satisfied, good-natured, and uncomplaining; but it helps much if the missioner himself goes

about, patient, attentive, with now and then the question, "Are you comfortable?" or a word of depreciation regarding the poverty of accommodations. He thus shows himself a good host, and the guests are made comfortable in spirit, if not in body.

Midnight Mass—

The bell for Midnight Mass brings all to their feet, and, with faces washed and tongues scraped, they file into the chapel. The missioner has the privilege of saying his three Masses in succession at midnight, and the people remain for all; the first is a High Mass, if possible, while at the others they chant happily their prayers in Chinese, including the thanksgiving after Communion.

At the first streak of dawn they are up again, and go to the chapel for morning prayers; that is, all except the cooks, who in this case are men. Catering here is a comparatively simple matter, and four or five prepare the food for several hundred persons. There are no cakes or pies to bake, only simple dishes that may be cooked in the round Chinese pan that does for kettle or frying-pan, as the need may be. Last night's was an ordinary meal, this morning they are to have a feast. So in come great chunks of pork, a forty-pound fish caught last night in the river, fresh soy bean cheese, dried mushrooms,

with Father Meyer

green vegetables, soy bean sauce, flavorings, and legal moonshine, an uncolored liquid distilled from rice.

The Morning Feast—

The meal is eaten almost in camping style, in groups of eight around a wooden bucket or earthen bowl of cooked rice, and several dishes of "fixings" or "escort-ings", as the Chinese call the accompaniments of their rice. Each has a bowl and chopsticks; they are cheap and easily washed, and not worth taking as souvenirs. Everything requiring cutting up has already been chopped into the proper-sized morsels in the kitchen.

Meanwhile, the "Spiritual Father" is almost distraught, and the larger the crowd, the busier he is. Some are ready, probably, for Baptism. We like to administer this Sacrament on feast days to add solemnity, but we have to arrange to hold the examinations earlier, at a less busy time. The children are not forgotten; and the missioner, with a bag of cakes in his hand, standing in a doorway to prevent repeating, hands each a cake as he passes inside. Lest there be a question in the mind of the reader, I will say that the back door has been locked, and that there are bars on the windows.

Many have been looking forward to this opportunity of getting medicine without having to make an extra journey, and one almost feels that they have been able to save up their aches and pains since the last feast day, with a few then forgotten, thrown in. All the ills to which flesh is heir seem to be represented, though rheumatism, boils, itch, tuberculosis, stomach and kidney diseases seem to be most popular with the men, with anemia in addition for the women, while worms and head sores are the specialty of the children.

The Busy Father—

Meanwhile, the catechists try to sandwich in their reports and other business; there are new catechumens to be met, assignments of catechists to be made, and wages to be paid. The times are hard, and some slight financial assistance is given to the most needy, though the priest must steel himself to many refusals. The catechumens and inquirers ask for catechisms, books of doctrine, and Catholic calendars in Chinese. There are women and girls asking to be allowed to come

to the central catechumenate, and the catechists must be consulted as to the advisability of accepting them: "Are they from reputable families? Do they seem to be in earnest?" and so forth.

At length, the crowd begins to dissolve; they come in groups to make their best bow in adieu and say, "God protect you", as they did on arrival, and then set out for the long walk home again.

Finally, the clean-up squad begins its work: the quilts are returned to their owners, the mats are rolled up and stored in the attic, together with the rice-bowls, chopsticks, and vegetable dishes, awaiting the next feast day. The missioner relaxes with a sigh of relief, and goes to catch up in his Breviary; he is dead tired, but, as a little brother now with God once expressed it, "it's a nice tired".



A CHINESE CONCEPTION OF THE VISIT OF THE MAGI TO OUR LORD
This painting, a work of rare beauty, dates from a period toward the end
of the Ming Dynasty, or approximately 1,600 A.D.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1929

The Japangeles Family

UNDER the direction of a dear friend of Maryknoll in Los Angeles, we were able to stage a Japanese Christmas play, with about forty boys and girls making up the cast. In their attractive native costumes, and through their graceful acting, the children always impress the observer.

With many of our friends, we often say that it would be delightful if they wore their kimonos at all times. But these beautiful dresses are so difficult to make, and so much work is required to properly adjust them each time they are worn, that in America, where speed rules the day, even the Japanese cannot afford to lose a moment in the rush of the crowd.

Our two Brothers, Ambrose and Charles, still enjoy their work as chauffeurs for the little ones. They are treated most kindly by all the parents. As they go up into shaky old hotels, or down into the cellars, or between the alleys of new ones, to bring forth Kimiko and Taro for the morning trip to the school, there are always new experiences. It is well known that a Japanese parent will never forget a kind-

ness shown his youngster, and Brother is often rewarded with a few cigars, some flowers, or even a basket of fruit. The other day, however, Brother W— was surprised to hear one Japanese mother say as she greeted him with a low bow and *Ohio*, "Here are some strawberries; take them home to your wife."

The total enrollment at the school to date is three hundred and sixty-five pupils. It is encouraging to realize that the sixty who entered this year came to us from the public schools, and this in spite of all the attractions the latter offer in the form of recreational facilities.

An advanced course in Japanese for High School students, introduced recently, has had the advantage of keeping nearly all the graduates in close touch with the Mission. It also draws back into the religious atmosphere of the Catholic School those children who are obliged to attend public high schools during the first part of the day. This will help to preserve the religious ideals which they acquired when they were pupils in our primary school here.

Father John Coulehan of Maryknoll

has been visiting schools and parishes in this city for the past few months. He has a collection of films depicting Maryknoll's activities at home and abroad, and hopes to be able to show them to all Catholic Clubs, Holy Name Societies, Sodalities, or other groups in Los Angeles, or near-by towns whom these pictures might interest.

A PROSPECTIVE Maryknoll-er, who spent some months at Maryknoll-in-Los Angeles, gives us his impressions of the work and of the people with whom he came in contact. He writes:

Some one has used the term "Maryknoll Family". This tells a story in two words. Whether the Maryknoll Japanese of Los Angeles pray or study, dine or picnic, there is always that unity of purpose and of interest, that unassumed friendliness and mutual respect, which mark the true family. And the common bond, even between those not as yet within the body of the Church, is their love of the Catholic school, and of the priests and religious who work among them.

The extent to which the message of Catholicity has reached these lovable



FR. LAVERY AND THE "CAST" OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAY
In their attractive native costumes, and through their graceful acting, the Japanese children of our Los Angeles Mission always impress the observer

THE FIELD AFAR IS READ

CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM IRELAND

A complete selection of attractive Christmas cards from Ireland will be sent to any address in the United States for Five Dollars, or a smaller selection for One Dollar. Write to Brian O'Higgins, Stormontown, Glasnevin, Dublin, Ireland.

Japanese cannot be measured by statistics, and is not indicated by the number of baptisms administered. Among the children whom the school busses gather from their homes each morning, it is always difficult to tell which are Catholic and which are not, so faithful are all to Catholic belief and customs. The hat that is doffed before the Church comes as likely from a Buddhist as from a Catholic head. The little girl who makes the Sign of the Cross before the same sacred edifice is not necessarily a Catholic child, though she can probably tell you much about Our Lord and His Blessed Mother.

There are, of course, many obstacles to the rearing of practicing Catholics among these Japanese. The fact that these obstacles have not, in many cases, prevented the development of strong Christian characters is a tribute to the earnestness of the catechumens. It is only too true that the slogans of modern materialism and of religious indifference have penetrated to the Oriental colonies in our American cities, and are influencing the people.

Nevertheless, the practicability of developing an aggressively spiritual group among the Japanese of any American city must be admitted by anyone acquainted with what has already been accomplished.

The children are deserving of far more friendliness than they generally receive. Their presence is a challenge to our Catholic spirit. Maryknoll gathers them alike from the commodious home and from the humble lodging house, and finds them quick to respond to kindly interest.

Surely, as the opportunities for work among the Orientals in this country become known, many will be drawn from the emptiness of the worldly life of today to service in the Maryknolls, for another world and for a brighter day.



THE LOS ALTOS COLLEGE
Before the sunset gun

A Frisco Interlude

LAST week the Procure was almost burglarized. Brother Luke was alone, then went out on an errand. An hour later, a priest from Milwaukee came to borrow a room for a few days. No answer to the bell for fifteen minutes. Three other visitors gradually accumulated with him at the front door. The priest decided to lie to the rear of the house, seeking entrance. He found it through a smashed door in the basement. When he was half way through the cellar, he heard a scramble, two men ran down the inside stairs, and broke into the street through the side entrance. In the center of the floor lay the booty; the loot, in a large suitcase, and a brief case left here en route by Fr. Lane. Nothing, apparently, was missing. The priest went back to the front, invited the other visitors in, and entertained them in the basement until Brother Luke returned an hour later. The final check up revealed no loss and no profit.

The College on the Coast

LIKE all the Knolls, East and West, Maryknoll at Los Altos is still a-building and, if we may believe all we hear, is shaping into something which is the opposite of a blot on the California landscape. Father McCarthy describes as follows recent progress:

The scaffolding is down in the chapel, and we move in tomorrow. The sanctuary is not yet quite complete. In the back are two confessional, trimmed with Chinese carvings. The partitions between the side altars are ornamented with similar carvings.

The scaffolding from the chapel interior has become a two-faced handball court, of generous proportions. The new basketball standards and backstop have grown out of the sterile soil of the athletic field. A chinning bar completes our outdoor gymnasium.

From Los Altos and Mountain View, Oriental signs, similar to some which Father Keller saw in the Far East, direct vagabonds, tourists, and patrons to our hilltop. Each sign, if you believe in signs, has the word Maryknoll, a Chi Rho, and an arrow.

A question in economics. Wild pigeons roost in our belfry. Our culinary department finds toothsome tidbits from these birds of the air on rare occasions. But our housekeeping department is hard pressed by these same feathered guests. All things considered, does it save us money to let them use our attic?

Maryknoll Sisters' Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help

1. The novenas are continuous, a new one starting as soon as one ends.
2. Mass is offered every Thursday for the novena intentions.
3. The novenas are made in every Maryknoll convent throughout the world.
4. In addition to prayers, the Sisters offer innumerable acts of sacrifice and mortification.
5. Mention your petitions when asking for prayers.
6. No offering is necessary.

The shrine picture at Maryknoll has touched the miraculous picture at Rome.

Votive lights will be burned before this shrine during the novenas, for the intentions of those who make an offering for the works of the Maryknoll Sisters.

Send communications to
MOTHER MARY JOSEPH
Maryknoll N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1929

By the Way in Manchuria (By Fr. Lane)



ALL ABOARD!

PREVIOUS issues of THE FIELD AFAR have carried accounts of the trip made some months ago by Fr. Lane and Fr. McCormack to the eastern section of the Maryknoll Fushun Mission in Manchuria. They covered long distances in primitive conveyances, and exposed to extremes of cold, but what they found filled them with hope for the future of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria. Fr. Lane continues his account of the mission journey as follows:

After midnight it began to snow very hard, and because of the extreme cold, conditions were hardly conducive to good spirits. However, we got away at 3:30 A.M., and after bumping our way over the frozen ruts to the river, we felt that, in spite of the darkness, everything was clear ahead. We were surprised when the horses and mules stopped quickly about half way across the stream. It was lucky that they did so, as the channel was open, and we stopped just in time. The cart I was in slipped into the stream, but fortunately it was near the shore, and we did not turn over. Passing along these roads early in the morning is a weird experience. Out of the snow come other carts and sleds. Sometimes the animals carry bells to warn us, but occasionally we have scarcely enough time to avoid a collision, and if we lock wheels, it means danger for both carts and men.

This was the longest stretch of continuous travel on the whole journey, since we were on the road from 3:30 A.M. to 11:00 A.M., covering more than

forty miles. We decided to stop for hot tea at a small village called Shan-K'o-Yu-Shu. At the inn, we were surprised to be addressed in perfect English by a young man on the opposite *k'ang* (combination of oven, table, bed, and what not). He informed us that he was a student at the Northeastern University of Mukden. We found him splendid company, and he invited us to dine with him at his own native village, where we hoped to stop that afternoon. However, we found that we would arrive there too early, and decided to continue on for another twelve miles.

We were still on the way when darkness came, so we put up at a small inn on the roadside. It was lucky that we did stop, for we had been in the inn only about fifteen minutes when a messenger arrived, advising us that a little further on bandits had attempted to capture three carts. There was a fierce fight between the bandits and the cart men, with the latter victorious. This time the gentlemen of the road were only three, and consequently could not continue their fight, since they were slightly outnumbered.

At this same spot, a few days before, a Korean was captured, and was carried to the bandits' post in the woods. He was held for ransom, and a messenger was sent to his home. His wife sold three cows in order to purchase the freedom of her husband. On the delivery of the money the man was released, but died the day after from cold and exposure. And this is the story all along the line, wherever the bandits are active. It means either death or loss of property, and sometimes, as in the case of the Korean, both.

We got away about an hour before daybreak, as we were anxious to reach T'ung-Hua, one of our missions. The roads were good, and we made excellent time. For about an hour before reaching T'ung-Hua, we traveled on the ice along the Hun River. Here and there, we noticed large boats being constructed for the purpose of carrying grain and other merchandise to Antung, which is about two hundred English miles from T'ung-Hua. These boats are fifty or sixty feet square, and about three and a half feet in height. They are made rather roughly, for when they

arrive at Antung, the merchandise is delivered, and the boats are sold as lumber.

We arrived at T'ung-Hua about 1:30 P.M., and were surprised to find it such a large and busy center. T'ung-Hua is a walled town, and it has need to be; for only last year it was besieged by the Ta-Tao-Hui, a Society formed of Shantung emigrants, which had as its cardinal principle opposition to all officials and business men, and particularly to the rule of the late Chan-Tso-Lin. We found the town equipped with an electric light plant, which functioned



GOING UP!

fairly well. We also noticed that most of the houses are surrounded by wooden fences, a sight which is rarely seen in the southern part of the province, and which indicates that T'ung-Hua is not far from the forest. Fr. Sweeney had not yet returned from his mission journey when we pulled into the mission compound, but Fr. Pai, his Chinese assistant, was there to greet us. He was certainly glad to have visitors, as it was six weeks since Fr. Sweeney had left for his trip into the Chang-Pai Forest.

We found the buildings at T'ung-Hua in considerable disrepair. However, the chapel is in quite good condition. It is about forty feet long by twenty wide, and there is an additional room at the end where Fr. Sweeney resides. At both sides of the main

READ "A MODERN MARTYR"

gate there are small houses, one of which accommodates the catechist and workmen, while the other serves as a residence for Fr. Pai. There are also two other buildings, formerly used as schools; and one of these can be repaired. We have received a gift from Philadelphia for the erection of a chapel at T'ung-Hua. The building of the new edifice will release the old church for a boys' school, and we hope in this way to begin developing the T'ung-Hua Center. Fr. Sweeney is doing some dispensary work, and plans later on to secure the services of a native doctor, who will work half time at the church dispensary. With the development of the school work and the dispensary, we will have opportunities for contacts with the pagans, and, of course, through these contacts some conversions.

Fr. McCormack had been arranging with Fr. Sweeney to secure one of his Christians as a teacher for his girls' school. The young lady is a graduate of the T'ung-Hua Middle School, and since she possesses a government diploma, it means that the Eul-Pa-Tan girls' school can be registered with the government. During our visit, the new teacher came to the mission to see Fr. McCormack. The latter lost courage



A CATHOLIC HOUSEHOLD IN MANCHURIA
The whole family came out to greet the missionaries

when he discovered the now inevitable bobbed hair. He claims that his Christians can still be registered as the simple, unworldly type; hence his fear regarding the bobbed hair, and its effect on Eul-Pa-Tan. However, this prejudice was overcome by the scholastic qualifications of the teacher, and arrangements were finished.

A Christian farmer by the name of Suen had heard that we were expected at T'uag-Hua, and offered his services gratis as house boy, during our stay. One day, while Fr. McCormack and I were in the common room, we asked him about a bandit experience he had had the year before. He at once became eloquent, and removed his cotton-filled coat to show us the marks on his body, made by the cords with which he was bound continuously for almost a year. Along with twelve others, he had been taken away to the mountains about thirty miles from T'ung-Hua.

Of the thirteen captured by this group of bandits, all but our Christian died of cold and exposure. In order to secure his release, his wife was forced to sell all the land they possessed; and the money having been delivered to the bandits through a third party, her husband was returned to her. The Suen family are good Catholics, and in spite of the very severe cold, the wife and child insisted on coming by sled to T'ung-Hua in order to pay their respects to Fr. McCormack and

myself. The capture must have been a terrible ordeal for the wife, as she herself had to carry on all of the details for the release of her husband. I happened to mention casually that no doubt it was her own good prayers that had saved the life of her husband. The expression of her face and the tell-tale tears made me regret it afterwards, as no doubt it brought back the whole experience vividly before her.

They do not seem to mind the loss of their land, although it means much hardship, and they are grateful to God that the head of the family was restored. Fr. McCormack was surprised to learn that among the bandits was one of his own Christians who had fallen by the wayside, but there was this much to his credit that, after finding out that Suen was a Catholic, he went out of his way to make things more comfortable for him, providing extra food, and so forth. Before we left T'ung-Hua, the ex-captive brought in another strapping lad, who registered as a catechumen.

It is a pity we haven't a sufficient number of priests to work among these farming people in the more distant places. They certainly are more open to conversion than the city folk.



FR. KILLION AND THE CHARIOTEER

REMEMBER THEM WITH BOOKS
Old and young, religious and lay friends, will find lasting pleasure in gifts of Maryknoll books.
SEE THE BACK COVER

ADOPT A MARYKNOLLER

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1929

TONG, WONG, and WE

(A true story by Bishop Walsh of Kongmoon)

R. TONG, you surely scatter expenses. I haven't swallowed a meal like this since the red chair came for my eldest daughter. Come to Kongmoon for good sea flavors. Where do you get prawns like these in Canton? I ask you. Look at that oyster sauce. Probably came right through from Hoingan. There surely is one noble place to eat left in this rascally world, anyhow."

While making these appreciative remarks, Mr. Wong was passing a steaming towel over the benign countenance of a typical Cantonese merchant. This he had a perfect right to do, since the countenance was his own. Moreover, its moonlike expanse—fitting complement to a squat and chubby figure—was slightly flushed from potations of rice wine. Mr. Wong moved over to a side table, and tossed off two cups of tea.

"Admit the truth, if it isn't Dragon Well tea. Indeed, I picked the right day to visit you, Mr. Tong."

The host was equally typical, and exactly the opposite. It was a dapper and deprecating little man who did the honors to the roly-poly and expansive Wong. He resembled his guest in one point only, and that was in possessing equally with him an exceeding smoothness of address, the hallmark of the Cantonese merchant. This he now proceeded to exercise.

"Don't make it worse. My wretched native place has nothing worth eating. Too bad there is no way to entertain honorable people in my inferior abode. I have lost politeness; I have failed to honor. As for Kongmoon, please say nothing. It is hopeless. No progress. We lack capital and superior talent. There is no remedy." And Tong also poured for himself a thimbleful of consolation from the dragon's well.

"Humble words, humble words, Mr. Tong. In capital and talent your honorable city has a surplus. Why, they say in Canton that Kongmoon is developing rapidly. Expect you people will surpass our City of Rams before long. These words are not laughing."

"No hope. No hope. But if you like, I can take you around to see the old

place and its few little changes. Come to think, it's about ten years since you honored us by a visit, is it not?"

"I believe it is all of that," replied Wong. "Business has been so poor, I have had to stick in the shop all the time. Came near having to pick up the basket and go back to the ancestral home and plough the fields. The last time I visited Kongmoon was the housewarming for your precious shop."

"Right you are. And that was just ten years ago. Well, come along and see our miserable city. We have the whole evening. We can talk business tomorrow," said Tong, as both cronies slipped into street dress, which they had doffed for their attack on food and drink.

Long gowns trailing, and fans in hand, the two merchants issued from Tong's shop prepared to see the sights of Kongmoon. A short stroll took them past the creditable Sanning Railway Station, and a bit further on, Mr. Tong pointed with humility—for this is China—to the fine Central Market recently constructed for the truck farmers of the district. A few steps more brought them to the new jail with its modern provisions for light and air, where prisoners are actually known to live through their sentences. The rattle of an auto bus, leaving for Sunwui City, drew their attention to a garage with a strange inscription to Kwann Tai, the god of business, over its doorway. It was a converted temple; its idols now replaced by tins of gasoline and mechanics' tools.

Mr. Wong began to call up his stock of adjectives, but was checked by his modest companion. "You haven't seen anything yet, my friend. I am steering you towards our new bund. The whole river front is being widened, and we are going to build a boulevard along there that will not be ten parts inferior. It will run a full four miles, from the Public Garden to Pakkai. There you are. How it that for a start?"

Mr. Wong stared in real surprise. Could this be the sloppy little river bank, crowded with matsheds and boat planks, that he recalled as Kongmoon's



CONFESSORIAL AT KONGMOON
Paintings by one of Bishop Walsh's
seminarians

water front? A concrete sea-wall replaced the old mud path now, and back from it, to a width of fifty feet, all buildings had been razed. Room had been made for what certainly would be a noble avenue some day. On the street side the rebuilding process had begun, and several six-story hotels already reared their hospitable heads to beckon Kongmoon's guests. Mr. Wong looked up and down and all around, and then he looked at Mr. Tong.

"Laughing words, Mr. Tong; you were speaking laughing words to me. This is progress. I never saw a finer water front. I'll engage one could get a proper dish of shark's fins in one of those shacks also," said the corpulent one, with a look from the corner of his eye at the inviting hotels.

Mr. Tong believed his friend's suggestion to be entirely feasible, but he also knew that this delicacy would cost somebody, undoubtedly himself, an exceedingly high price. So, if this was a hint, the sagacious merchant did not succumb to it. He felt that he had already squandered enough profits in banqueting his worthy friend and, besides, he was eager to show him his outwardly disparaged, inwardly beloved, metropolis.

"What do you say if we walk along to Pakkai? It's only a mile or two from here, and we have plenty of time. We can return by the last train. It

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will give you an idea of the future Kongmoon, when it is properly developed."

After shark's fins, nothing suited Wong better, so off they started along the picturesque river bank. Everywhere, piles of heavy stone lay in readiness for the continuation of the sea-wall, and buildings had been demolished to allow for the wide roadway. The two friends wended their leisurely way under the aspen trees that led them finally to Pakkai, the last suburb of Kongmoon.

"What is that government yamen over there?" asked Wong. "Thought the officials all lived in Kongmoon," and he pointed to a sizable gray brick house, of rather foreign construction, yet crowned by a curving Chinese roof.

Mr. Tong smiled. "Does that look like a government yamen to you? Step over here and look at the other building behind it. What does that look like?"

"Why, it is a temple," exclaimed Wong, as the second building came into sight, and his vision encountered a long, low façade of white sand-brick, surmounted by a royal sweep of green-tile roof that gleamed in the setting sun.

"Yes, it is a temple," said Tong. "It is the temple of the Lord of Heaven. Do you not see the cross on top? You are looking at the Catholic Mission compound."

"Do you really say so? Catholic Mission, eh? The French must like our Chinese style."

"Well, I suppose they do, but these people don't happen to be French. Where did you get that idea?"

"Don't know. Always hear about the Catholic Mission being French. Had a notion they were all French."

"That is strange," replied Tong. "It is true the Catholic Mission in Canton is French, and the bishop there is a fine old sweet potato, too. However, in Hong Kong the Catholic personnel is Italian, in Macao it is Portuguese, and I remember hearing my late lamented father say that in Shantung, where he visited the grave of Confucius, he found the Catholic Missions all German; while as for these here in Kongmoon, they are American. Looks as if that religion had a few of all sorts in it."

"What kind of people are the fellows here?"

"Rather decent, I should say. I have met several of them and they seemed to be worthy men."

"I suppose they are customers of yours in your branch store here?"

"Yes, that is how I got acquainted with them. I can't say they are very good customers, though. About all I ever sell them is sugar and coffee. They hardly ever buy any canned goods, and that's where I make my profit. Maybe they can't afford it. Their cook tells me they mostly buy fresh food in the market. Americans are all supposed to be rich, but I think these people probably have very little money. Look at that compound; not even a wall around it. The buildings are attractive, but the cheapest kind of construction. They have no motor-boat like most people here, but come and go in sampans all the time. In fact, I believe they live pretty much the same as we do. They dress in Chinese clothes, and, when I go there, I see them studying Chinese books."

His conversation had brought the pair to the gate of the mission. "Want to go in and see the place?" asked Tong. "They are very approachable people. Come on, they won't eat us. We have a half hour till train time, anyhow, and we may as well kill it here."

Once inside the gate, they ran into a bevy of Chinese boys, kicking a football. Opposite stood a small house—

SPECIAL PRIVILEGES

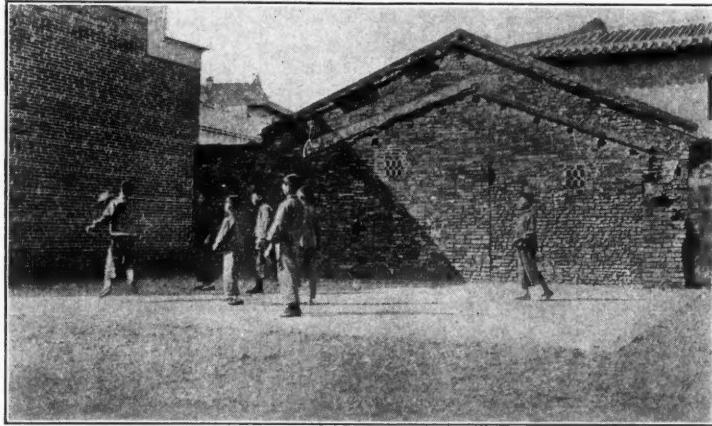
Those who give one hundred dollars or more towards the completion of the Maryknoll Seminary may themselves be enrolled, or may enroll a relative or friend, living or dead, as a Perpetual Associate Member in the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

This privilege can be secured on request, and our patrons are encouraged to make it.

also of Chinese architecture—obviously a school, designed to house all this animation now expending itself on the pig-skin. On the steps of the house stood a short and stout foreigner, clothed in a Chinese shaam and a smile of pleasurable solicitude. This individual combined in his person the offices of Rector and Infirmarian of the Kongmoon Seminary; and therein lay the explanation of the variegated smile. His rector's heart rejoiced in the exercise that was recreating the students, while his infirmarian's instinct called up gloomy pictures—from memory rather than from imagination—of scraped shins and disjointed toes.

"I forgot to tell you," said Tong to Wong, "they run a school here. It is a Latin school. They take only boys who want to study to become Catholic priests. They have about forty here now, and the idea is that they will all become priests some day if they persevere."

"Well, well," said Wong, too sur-



BETWEEN CLASSES AT THE KONGMOON SEMINARY

SPREAD YOUR FAITH

THE FIELD AFAR

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prised to say anything else. "Well, well."

They walked on, Wong cogitating. Finally he observed, "I never thought our Chinese boys would want to become like those foreign priests. It's a hard life, isn't it?"

"I believe it is," replied Tong. "I don't know much about it really. But I know they have a very long and severe course of studies, and then, afterwards, they can't go into business, but must spend their lives in church work. They never marry, either, you know."

"Yes, I always heard so," mused Wong. "I wonder what is the idea back of that?"

"I asked one of them once," Tong replied, "and I got a funny answer. 'Our religion is serious,' that's all he said."

"Humph," interrupted Wong, "maybe getting married isn't serious. Serious! Don't talk to me about serious. What does he call getting married? Child's play? I wish he'd try it once," grumbled the stout benedict good naturedly, as the subject caused him to reflect on the ups and downs of his own domestic felicity.

"Here comes the Brother," interposed Tong. "He and I are good friends. He does the buying for the mission, and occasionally drops into my store to pay the bills. He will show us around the place."

Hereupon, Mr. Tong was warmly greeted by a pleasant individual of middle-age, whose chief outward characteristics were sandy hair and a cheery smile. He spoke Chinese correctly, if a trifle slowly, and after acknowledging an introduction to Mr. Wong, invited the pair to enter the house for a cup of tea and a smoke.

This man knows our customs, thought Mr. Wong, and he set to wondering if anything more substantial would go with the tea, but Tong dashed his hopes rudely to the ground.

"No, thank you, Brother; we must catch the last train. We just have time to glance around. How many buildings have you, anyway? Besides, we don't wish to hinder your important occupations."

The smiling Brother was anxious to get back to those very occupations, but he won a great victory, and earnestly

protested that he had all the time in the world.

"We have only three buildings so far, the house, the school, and the chapel," he said. "Our mission is not developed yet."

"Have you a hospital?" queried Mr. Wong, just to show he knew something about missions, "and an orphanage, and an old-folks' home, and a convent?"

"No such luck," returned the Brother. "All that must wait a while. But come and look at our new chapel. It is our most recent addition; in fact, it is just built. I didn't say paid for."

So they strolled around to glance at the new chapel—already admired by Mr. Wong from a distance. Mr. Wong planted his stubby figure before the graceful façade.

"Reminds me of the Wong family temple in my ancestral village," he finally remarked. "It is as Chinese as I am. Must have had a Chinese architect and a good one."

"There goes the architect now," said the Brother, and they looked around to see, not a Chinese, but another foreigner. He would almost have passed for a Chinese, however, since, in addition to complete Chinese dress, he also had his head shaved in Chinese fashion. "He knows both styles of architecture," explained the guide, "but he does not like dolphins in the woods, or steeples in bamboo groves. We are for Chinese style. But step inside. You must see the interior."

The Brother's manner changed; he genuflected deeply; reverence replaced his smile. In the now dim light, they could just make out the outline of the chapel. A little red light at one end brought into relief what was evidently the centerpiece and soul of the place—a large solid table of white stone, topped by a square box of the same material. This latter was the tabernacle. Its tiny roof of glazed, yellow tile followed the same graceful contour as the building itself, becoming an exquisite, miniature pavilion. A long curtain of deep red hung just back of the altar, against which, the tabernacle etched itself sharply.

Mr. Wong and Mr. Tong felt a sense of solemnity, and they were relieved when the Brother turned to them with his old smile.

"That marble came from our mission in Tung On. They quarry it from the marble mountains there. Is it not beautiful?"

"Surely is," returned the ever-ready Wong. "In fact", he observed, looking around at the Chinese roof-beams and the frescoed Stations of the Cross, "the whole layout is beautiful. It looks to me as a Chinese temple would look if somebody lived in it and took good care of it."

"Somebody lives in this temple, all right," replied the Brother, "and He takes most excellent care of it; and of all who enter it. Did you know this is God's house? Who is He, did you ask? Well, that you surely know yourself. Are you wishing to learn this doctrine? I explain very easily to people when they have time to come around."

The two friends were pleased at this invitation, but their ceremonious thanks were cut short by the whistle of the train.

"Well," asked Tong, after they struggled into a seat in the train and regained their breath, "what do you think of Kongmoon developments? I told you that our inferior locality enjoyed no progress."

"Tong, old man," replied his friend Wong, "you've got a fine town here, and you are going ahead rapidly. I'll come back soon to take an auto ride on your new boulevard, but when I do, the first place I must go is to the mission to drink the cup of tea you refused today. I am liking that place. Talk about developments; how would it be if old Wong joined the foreign religion?"

He laughed and then grew serious again. "I hear they are great on fasting," he added, "so this step will require a lot of thought."

And corrugating his brow to deal with the problem, Mr. Wong was soon adding a gentle snore to the noise of the train, while his busy brain was rapt in dreams of the noble breakfast he might expect from Mr. Tong's hospitality in the morning.

And so it was that our friends saw Kongmoon and its developments. And of them all, the most noteworthy was the development of a tiny germ, a soupçon of interest, that had lodged within their own kindly breasts.

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

Father Chin's

"—sixty-eight, sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seven—"

The door suddenly opened, letting in a cloud of snow, and interrupting Johnny counting at the window. Father Chin walked into the room.

"Well, my word, Johnny, surely you are not counting the stars in this storm."

"Oh, hello, Father; no, I was just counting the snowflakes falling. I was up to three hundred and seventy when you came in."

"Well, if you feel like counting, come here and look these over. We have just received some more letters from our Juniors."

Father Chin's office was all decorated to create a jolly Christmas atmosphere. A bunch of laurel was tied about the lights in the middle of the room, and a masterpiece of evergreen and red ribbon over the door wished a "Merry Xmas" to all who entered. A candle flickered in each of the windows.

Johnny hopped down from his perch on the window sill and drew up his chair under Father Chin's desk light, humming and singing all the time—

"Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells,
Jingle all the way;

Here comes a mite box filled to the top!
O Merry Christmas all the day."

"Say Johnny, let's get out that map and see if we are hearing from all our Junior friends of last Christmas."

"Oh, we'll hear from them all, no fear, Father, and many more besides."

"I wonder, Father," Johnny con-



Snow Man

but how do they do it before Christmas?"

"Why, Johnny, don't you remember some of

our Juniors telling us how they did it? There was one boy who used to go to the movies every week; think of it—every week! During Advent he didn't go to the movies at all, and before Christmas he had his mite box almost filled."

"Oh, yes, I remember now. There was another Junior who used to buy candy on the way to school every day. During Advent she abstained from candy, and the mites she saved more than filled her mite box."

"And surely," said Father Chin, "you haven't forgotten the boy who gathered mites by making sacrifices and doing odd jobs? He gathered enough not only to fill his mite box but he was able to buy a present for his mother, besides."

"Well, they certainly have all sorts of ways of helping, haven't they, Father?"

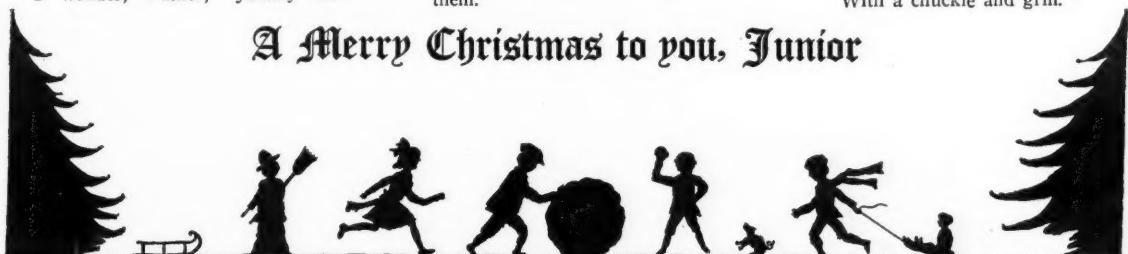
"Yes, sir, Johnny; there are almost as many ways as the snowflakes you were counting."

"We'll just have to finish up these letters, Father, before the boys come around singing carols and calling us to Midnight Mass."

"Right-o, Johnny; what would Christmas be without our Juniors!"

"Tis the night before Christmas,
And old Father Chin
Reads the mail from his Juniors
With a chuckle and grin."

A Merry Christmas to you, Junior



BOOST THE LEAGUE

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE

DEAR JUNIORS:

We are going to make Christmas a real Mission Feast, aren't we? There are several ways to do it. First of all, we have our Advent mite boxes which are to be filled by sacrifices made in honor of the Christ Child. Then, in giving gifts, we have a number of Maryknoll books from which to select, or we can give a year's subscription to *The Field Afar*. Make these suggestions to others who ask for your advice.

The best way for our Juniors to make this a real Mission Christmas is to make Advent a time of special prayer for missionaries. Two thousand years ago, when Our Lord was born in Bethlehem, the Angels appeared to the shepherds, proclaiming, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace to men of Good Will", but to many poor pagans this Peace has not yet come because they have not even heard of the sweet Babe of Bethlehem.

Let us pray hard and make sacrifices during Advent. Let us make the Christmas novena, and offer our Mass and Holy Communion on Christmas Day for the millions of pagans and for the missionaries who are bringing them the message of Bethlehem. By making this a real Mission Christmas, it will surely be the happiest we have ever had.

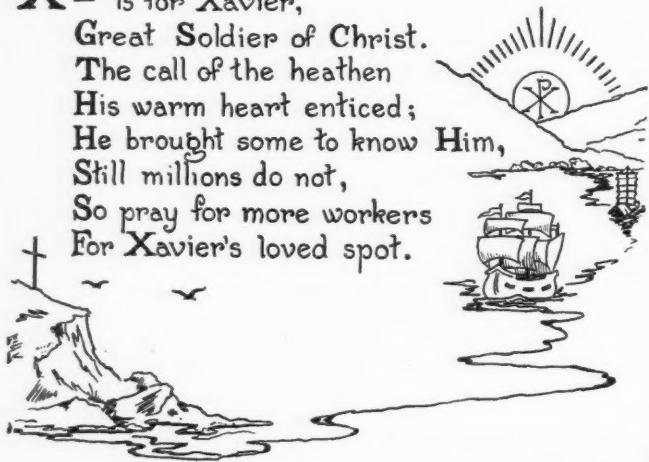
And now, dear Juniors, "God bless us, everyone!"

Yours for a Merry Christmas,

Father Chin

A-B-C'S OF THE MISSIONS

X - is for Xavier,
Great Soldier of Christ.
The call of the heathen
His warm heart enticed;
He brought some to know Him,
Still millions do not,
So pray for more workers
For Xavier's loved spot.



PRAY FOR MORE WORKERS

Straws for the Crib

CHRISTMAS wouldn't be Christmas without remembering Baby Jesus' first crib—a manger filled with straw. Juniors know that theirs is the happy privilege of gathering straw for the crib, in a way of which others would never think. So they go about their study and their work with the joyous smile that tells of a wonderful secret; then, when nobody but Guardian Angel would suspect what they are doing, they slip into their mite box the straws of their sacrifices. The night before Christmas, they pack their precious gift more carefully than their other Christmas surprises, and send it with birthday love to our Infant King. Write in now for the mite box in which to pack your straw for the Crib of Bethlehem.

THE first Maryknoll Junior Banner of the season goes to—can you guess? It has been captured by a certain "St. Joseph's Class" in Baltimore, Maryland. They are particularly fond of Chinese babies, and have the Junior spirit one hundred per cent plus; listen to this—

"We, in St. Joseph's Class, do everything we do for the missions in China—pray, play, sleep, take our meals, bear with our neighbor, make sacrifices, work, keep silence. We love China more than we could ever tell anyone, and beg for every bit of news we can get from those poor pagans."

Now, this is what they think of their Junior pins: "The little pins have proved a help to us, as well as a delight, for they have been a kind of talisman in helping us to remember to keep our resolutions, and we have said the aspiration, 'Sacred Heart of Jesus, Thy Kingdom Come in China', faithfully. We hope to make this our very best school year yet; and the object of our prayers and study—the spread of His Kingdom in China."

Work hard, Juniors, and bring your school in next on the honor roll of those who win the Junior League Banner.

The Advent poster is ready for your classroom; if it isn't already in its place of honor, let us know.

THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR LEAGUE



PUZZLES

1. HIDDEN WORD

One Junior had ventured to fill his box
A few weeks before the rest,
And when Christmas had come and the
mites were all in,

His box was by far the best.

Look carefully and you will find hidden
in the above lines a Holy Season of
the year.

2. CHRISTMAS TREE

1.	*					
2.	*	*	*			
3.	*	*	*	*	*	
4.	*	*	*	*	*	
5.	*	*	*	*	*	*
6.	*					

1. A letter in Xmas. 2. The opposite of *downs*. 3. A country in northeastern Asia in which there are Maryknoll missionaries. 4. The opposite of North. 5. A big city in the Middle West of our country. 6. A letter in ice.

If you guess them all correctly you will find an evergreen tree by reading down the center column.

3. TWELFTH DAY

N A P H E P I Y

By arranging these letters correctly you will find another great Mission Feast which comes twelve days after Christmas.

SEPTEMBER PUZZLE CONTEST

Price Winners: Anna Reyman, Corona, N. Y., and Eamon O'Connell, Oakland, Calif.

Honorable Mention: Jack Deegan, Redondo Beach, Calif.; Octavia Tibesar, Quincy, Ill.; Joseph Perkins, South Boston, Mass.; John Wilson, Pittsfield, Mass.; Kathleen O'Keefe, Highland Park, Mich.; Dolores O'Grady and Margaret Dowling, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Patricia Whyte, New York City.

1. Soul, east, pray, true, ever, mite, bits, evil, rice.
2. Nativity of Our Lady.
3. Priceless.

PUZZLE DRAWING

Prize Winner: Mary Spano, Schenectady, N. Y.

FILLING HIS MITE-BOX

I gave up movies and every week I put in a dime in a bank. Every time I sacrificed, my mother put in another dime; also, I did errands, and some of it I got serving visiting priests.—John Wilson, Pittsfield, Mass.

IT REACHED THE RIGHT DESK

To Whom it may concern: I have looked all over THE FIELD AFAR for a title to head my letter by, and to find a correct address, but I cannot find either, so I hope this gets to the right place after all. I would like a mite box if there is no obligation.—Corinne A. Beaudreair, Marlboro, Mass.

A VETERAN ENLISTS

I want to belong to the Maryknoll Junior League. I am a child of the Sacred Heart, of Overbrook, Pennsylvania, and I have helped the missions for two years. Our Junior school bought four babies last year.—Adèle Marie Harvey, St. David's, Pa.

AN EARLY START

Will you please send me one of your Mite Boxes, my Brother and I want to fill it between now and Christmas.—Miss V. Bartholomew, Pensacola, Fla.

ALL BY HERSELF

I am writing this note for my little daughter, Anne Mortimer, age seven years old. She started in the second grade at Notre Dame Institute this year, and we expect that next year she will be able to write her own letters. She sold all the brick on the enclosed card by herself, and asks that same be sent to the proper destination.—F. H. M., Baltimore, Md.

MITE-BOXES

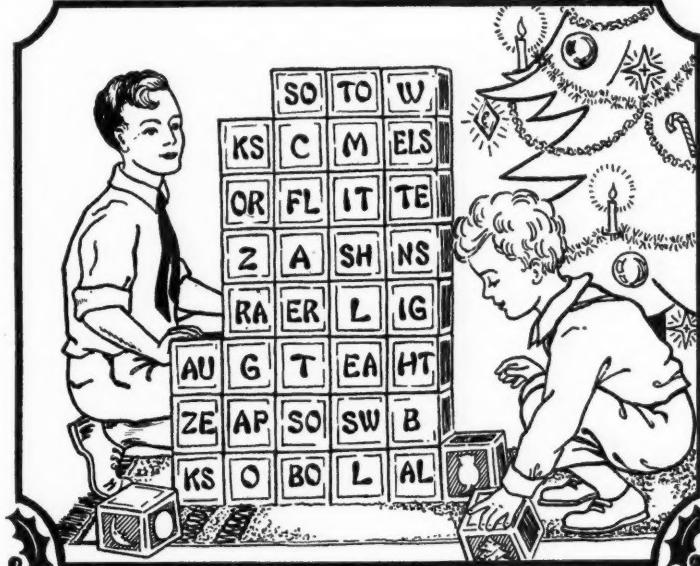
Mite-boxes, don't care who's filling them,
Some missionary will soon be thrilled with them,

Help, help, help the Missions.
Every day they have their downs and their ups,
Still those noble priests refuse to give up;

Make a promise, and try to keep it,
To fill the mite-box, to try and heap it;

Help, help, help the Missions!

CATHERINE DOUGHERTY,
A Maryknoll Junior



Sammy American and his little brother have sent a nice big Xmas box of useful things to their Chinese cousins and Missionary friends. Sammy has arranged the blocks so that you can find on them the names of ten articles sent to the Orient. To spell them out, start with any letter you wish, going to left or right, up or down to an adjoining block. You must not go diagonally or use letters more than once.

FILL A XMAS MITE BOX



Crusade Notes

SAINT John's Seminary Unit, Brooklyn, N. Y., in the person of their President, John McDonnell, pledge anew the support of those who "have to stay home and attend the heathens." They did not avail themselves of a special binder offer made to the C.S.M.C., for the very good reason that they remail every bit of Catholic literature that comes within their grasp. These zealous workers are equally conscientious in the matter of mite-boxes, never turning one away empty.

St. Mary's College Unit, Halifax, N. S., whose motto is "Age Quod Agis", are among our frequent correspondents. They know the value of mission literature, and recognize the mission drama as a potent factor in awakening mission interest. They recently sent in an order for *His Heart's Desire* and *The Unseen Boy*. We wish we could have been present at the production of these plays.

Mission Sunday is catching the imagination of American Catholics, and the preparations for its observance are gaining yearly in scope. With the coöperation of the Rt. Rev. Ordinary and Crusade officials, the Buffalo Local Conference of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade held a rally on October 13th and 14th, in connection with Mission Sunday. The feature of the rally was a Mission Exhibit, viewed by thousands of people. Maryknoll received from St. Bonaventure's Monastery Unit a request to participate in the Exhibit, and gladly contributed to the carrying out of such a fine idea.

We are happy to announce the completion of a \$5,000 Burse for the Major Seminary by St. Elizabeth College, Convent Station, N. J. We congratulate these zealous young women on so substantial a proof of their love for the Apostolate. It means one more Apostle for distant fields.

A letter from a Crusader of Sacred Heart High School, Waterbury, Conn., outlined a splendid mission program, and led to the discovery that the Crusader in question was formerly an active member of the Maryknoll Junior League. Once a missioner, always a missioner!

As we go to press for the last issue of the year, and look over some Crusade correspondence that happens to be in the mail basket just at present, we view with deep gratitude the interest displayed in the work of Maryknoll by Units scattered throughout the country. The following list is representative of the far-reaching efforts of the C.S.M.C.

Alabama—Mobile.
Arkansas—Subiaco.
Colorado—Denver.
Connecticut—Milford and West Haven.
Illinois—Chicago, Evanston, and Teutopolis.

Indiana—Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Oldenburg, St. Meinrad, and Terre Haute.

Iowa—Clinton and Davenport.

Kentucky—Covington, Louisville, Melbourne, Newport, and St. Vincent.

Maryland—Cumberland.

Massachusetts—Bedford, Boston, and Brockton.

Michigan—Detroit, Grand Rapids, Hancock, and Port Huron.

Minnesota—St. Joseph.

Missouri—St. Louis.

Nebraska—Greeley.

New Jersey—Jersey City and Princeton.

New York—Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, Brooklyn, and New York City.

Ohio—Cincinnati, Dayton, Fostoria, Hamilton, and Portsmouth.

Oklahoma—Guthrie and Tulsa.

Oregon—The Dalles.

Pennsylvania—Altoona, Erie, Carnegie, Hanover, Mt. Gallitzin, and Pittsburgh.

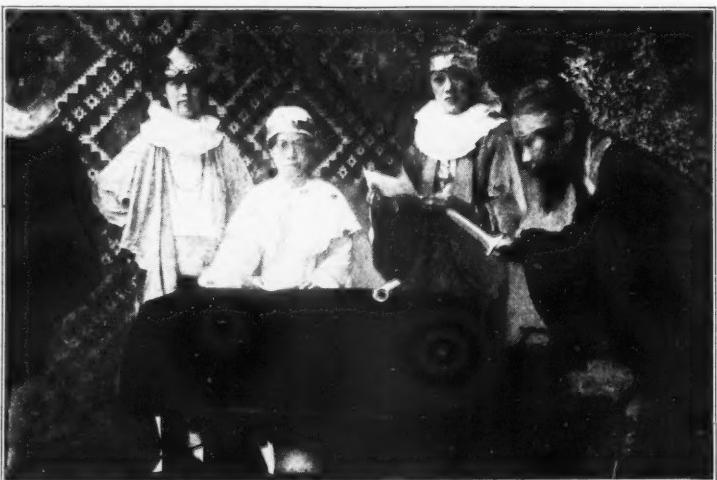
Utah—Ogden.

Washington—Hillyard.

Wisconsin—Milwaukee and Oconomowoc.

Washington, D. C.

Surely, as we look back over the year's activities, we can say with Blessed Théophane Vénard—"My desires are as nothing; but I am thinking of One Who gave His Life for me, and He must have His Heart's Desire. . . . If He gives us life, let us live for Him. . . . If death . . . then let us die for Him. . . ." (*His Heart's Desire*, Act I, Scene 2.)



STUDENT DRAMATICS IN THE ORIENT
Holy Spirit School, Hong Kong, presents "The Merchant of Venice"

ADOPT A CRUSADER ON THE FIELD

Circles

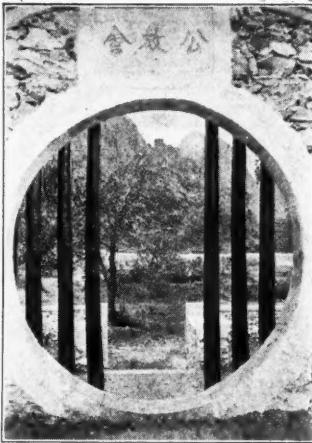
[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address
Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

THE latest Circle to enter our ranks is the Little Flower Circle of Framingham, Mass. Framingham now has a Maryknoll representative on the mission field, and the newly formed Circle did not allow him to start out on the long journey empty-handed. At present they are busy sewing on much needed altar linens for the missions.

Maryknoll needs your help to fill the Christmas stockings of its big family. Including the Sisters, Maryknollers now number over seven hundred and seventy. We ask Circles to keep this figure in mind when they receive our little Christmas stocking.

Fr. Meyer, once of Davenport, Iowa, and now Acting-Superior of the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission in South China, was one of the delegates summoned to attend the first Maryknoll General Chapter, held last August. Before his return to the Orient, the Iowa missionary was encouraged by a generous gift from the Chi Rho Circle of Des Moines. They also held a "shower", presenting household linens and supplies for the new mission centers which Fr. Meyer is establishing in the Wuchow field. Kwangsi Province, where Fr. Meyer is at work, has fewer Catholics than any other Province of China proper, and the success which has crowned the efforts of Fr. Meyer and his priests in this hitherto arid sector has been such as to attract wide notice. The Chi Rho Circle of Des Moines is fortunate in its privilege of co-operating in the conversion of so many souls to Christ.



WHERE CIRCLES ARE GATES
The Mission Entrance at Tung On

A Maryknoll missioner has sent in a plea for a typewriter; he is not particular about the kind or size. Address it to: The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

St. Cecilia's Guild of Lowell, Mass., of which most of the members are nurses, has sent an offering of five hundred dollars, to be applied toward the building of a hospital in the Maryknoll Kong-moon Vicariate of South China. This is a most welcome form of mission aid, and one which should have a special appeal for Catholic doctors and nurses throughout our country

Is your Circle in a position to supply the monthly wage of a native catechist in one of the Maryknoll Missions of China? Fifteen dollars a month will add a precious helper to the ranks of those who, in their own country, are aiding the Maryknoll Fathers to win souls for God.

The members of St. Patrick Circle of Waterville, Maine, are

LOST—SAM
"Sam" was a catechumen in Cleveland. Troublesome Tonge ousted him from that city by the lake, and now we learn that he is in Philadelphia. Sam's instructor provided his catechumen with a letter of introduction, and we of Maryknoll shall be grateful to any one who meets him. We believe in Sam.

supporting a Maryknoll Sister. Now that our Sisters have begun the construction of their permanent Mother-House, and all available funds are needed for the furthering of this vital project, the aid of friends such as those of Waterville is all the more keenly appreciated.

Please address "Shower" boxes to: The Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Three large barrels were needed to hold a welcome "shower" which reached our hilltop a while ago. The very serviceable articles which we discovered in the barrels were the gift of the Alacoque Circle of Ansonia, Conn., and friends. We are grateful to those who so generously remembered our wants.

You are interested in Maryknoll, why not make this work for souls known to others? The surest way of doing this is by adding their names to the list of Field Afar subscribers.

The Vénard Club of Brooklyn, N. Y., to whose mission zeal Maryknoll owes much, presented one of our new missioners from their home city with five hundred dollars, the cost of his passage to the Orient. We are certain that they will not be forgotten in the prayers and labors of this young priest.

LIFE INSURANCE

It may happen that those for whom you now wish to provide may die before you.

Why not make Maryknoll your alternate beneficiary? Others have already found the idea worth considering.

THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1929

Thanks to the Christ Child



*Come ye Christians
Let us sing
Thankful praises
To our King*

HOW can you make that clever little paper pay, for a dollar a year, since you carry comparatively few advertisements?" This is a typical question, which we answer by a yes and no. THE FIELD AFAR would indeed go bankrupt at a dollar a year if some of its subscribers were not also benefactors to Maryknoll, for which THE FIELD AFAR pleads so constantly.

As to the advertisements, it is true that those from the outside are few (we will have the right kind, or none at all), but notice that Maryknoll has many "goods" to advertise—seminaries and colleges to build and maintain; students to support at home and abroad; a growing number of missions to sustain and develop—not to speak of books to be published and spread.

On our graduated list of seminary openings for benefactors are two classrooms at six thousand dollars each. One of these is a memorial to Mr. Francis MacNutt, whose widow, residing in Europe, has chosen to perpetuate her husband's name at Maryknoll. The classroom wall bears a photograph of the deceased, and a simple tablet is being prepared to commemorate the gift.

The missions fared better than usual last month, especially those of Kongmoon (Bishop Walsh's) and Manchuria, which received substantial gifts for special needs. Nearly three thousand dollars were added to much desired Native Clergy Burses.

REMEMBER THEM WITH BOOKS

Your friends will enjoy traveling, in memory or imagination, via the pages of

IN THE HOMES OF MARTYRS OBSERVATIONS IN THE ORIENT MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

For our seminary and college buildings in the homeland and towards their sustenance, we received a one thousand dollar gift and several offerings of lesser denominations, including three of five hundred dollars each for Memorial Rooms.

Three wills matured, totaling seventeen hundred dollars, and an Annuity of fourteen hundred dollars also arrived, to be placed at interest during the lifetime of the donor.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

<i>Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....</i>	<i>\$1,193.00</i>
<i>Mary Mother of God Burse.....</i>	<i>808.13</i>
<i>Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....</i>	<i>700.00</i>
<i>SS. Ann and John Burse.....</i>	<i>700.00</i>
<i>Mater Admirabilis Burse.....</i>	<i>500.00</i>
<i>St. Ambrose Burse.....</i>	<i>400.00</i>
<i>Maryknoll Academia Burse.....</i>	<i>301.60</i>
<i>St. Patrick Burse.....</i>	<i>239.00</i>
<i>Little Flower Burse.....</i>	<i>142.00</i>

NATIVE CATECHIST FOUNDATIONS

\$4,000 placed at interest will provide for the support of one catechist (usually a married man with family), whose entire time will be devoted to the slow and tedious process of instructing the candidates for Baptism.

<i>Yeungkong Fund, II.....</i>	<i>\$1,877.65</i>
<i>Fr. Price Memorial Burse.....</i>	<i>668.60</i>
<i>Archbishop Williams Burse.....</i>	<i>532.80</i>
<i>Bl. Julie Billiart Burse.....</i>	<i>372.00</i>

My Ramble Through the Missions is the title of a book recently published by the Rev. Rosario Sequeira of the Diocese of Mangalore in India.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friends, 3; J. D. Jr.; E. F.; M. H. McH.; R. H.; A. M.; Mrs. J. H. M.; T. J. K. and Family; E. R. G.; T. L. B.; J. J. W.; W. C.; M. W. F.; J. and M. S.; E. M.; Mrs. L. B. O'B. and Relatives; J. M. and Relatives; A. McD. and Relatives; B. D. and Relatives; F. S. L.; M. A. F. and Family; M. O'K. and Relatives; C. C.; D. B.; A. M. B.; M. H. M.; C. R. P.; C. D. P.; A. S. McM.; J. C. H.; Mrs. W. T. L.; D. F. D.; F. E. S.; Jr.; M. M.; D. C.; J. and M. L. R.; A. Family; Mrs. A. K.; W. J. F.; Mrs. G. F. C.; L. A. S.; W. K. and Family; A. J. C.

Deceased: John A. Shaughnessy; Ada C. Courtenay; Nelly B. Kelly; Henry A. Koelble; Henry J. Hollen; Mary H. Myers; Margaret Owens; Mary Fitzsimmons; Jacob Bender; Margaret McGuire.

IN MEMORIAM

We ask your prayers for the following deceased friends:

Rev. Charles Bowles; Rev. J. A. Gorman; Sr. Mary Camillus Hatton; Sr. Mary of the Presentation Wutz; Sr. Martin Doyle, O.S.D.; Dr. Wm. H. Regan; Miss Mary Klyne; Margaret Driscoll; Mrs. Bridget Quinn; Miriam Kearns; Edward Slandor; Mrs. Cecilia M. Batterbury; Mrs. B. A. Stennett; Peter J. Golden; Edward Rock; Mary O'Neill; Catherine A. Moore; Arthur A. Weber; John Morgan; F. M. Zwilling; Alfred J. Sterling; Mrs. Arthur Bradley; Mrs. Anton Kobilka; Mrs. C. P. Leary; Paul Burke; John A. Shaughnessy; Daniel Hegarty; John Driscoll; Mrs. Vanderbilt; Alice Keely; Alice Murtough; Mrs. W. H. Bacheller; Mrs. J. A. Roe; Francis P. O'Connor; Mrs. Quinlan; Rose Fleming.

COMPLETED DIOCESAN BURSES

St. Paul Archdiocese Burse.....	\$6,000
St. Paul Archdiocese Burse (Venerable)	6,000
Providence Diocese Burse	5,000
Fall River Diocese Burse	5,000
Cleveland Diocese Burse (4) each	\$5,000
Pittsburgh Diocese Burse (2)	5,000
Columbus Diocese Burse	5,000
Philadelphia Archdiocese Burse.....	5,000

ATTENTION! HOLY NAME SOCIETIES!

The name of Jesus Christ is dear to you; make it dear also to others. Stand behind some missioner in a pagan land. Meet the expense of one catechist for him, and you will bring blessings on many souls, and also on your Society. In the Maryknoll Missions of China, the monthly wage of a native catechist is fifteen dollars.

SACRIFICE BRINGS REWARD

AMERICAN STUDENT BURSES

A burse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary or at one of its Preparatory Colleges.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

College of Mt. St. Vincent Burse..	4,500.00
St. Michael Burse, No. 2.....	14,500.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	4,355.47
Fr. Chaminaude Memorial Burse..	4,262.71
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse..	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse, No. 1.	14,000.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	3,974.13
Fr. Chapon Burse.....	3,915.00
St. Michael's Parish, Lowell, Burse	3,895.10
Curé of Ars Burse.....	3,725.35
St. Anne Burse.....	3,692.83
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..	3,400.00
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	3,266.54
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Bl. Louise de Marillac Burse.....	2,856.12
Pine X Burse.....	2,853.30
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,739.05
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,681.85
Marywood College Burse.....	2,325.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,220.63
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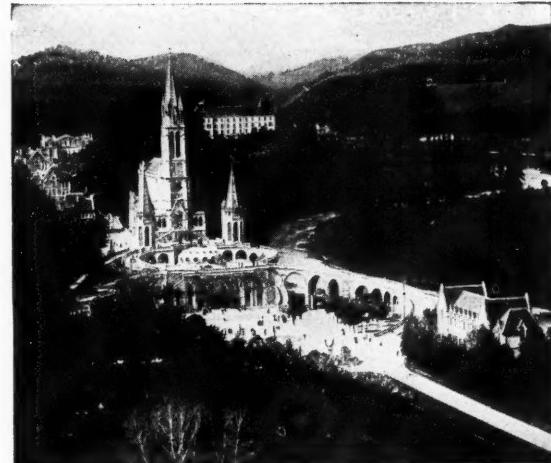


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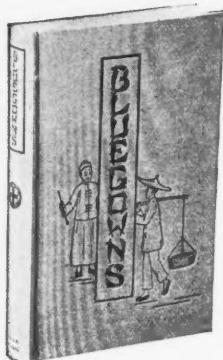
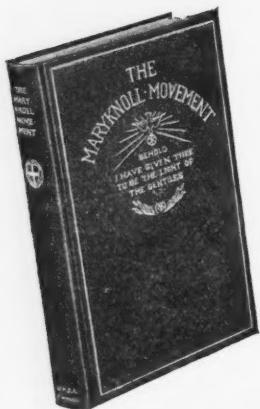
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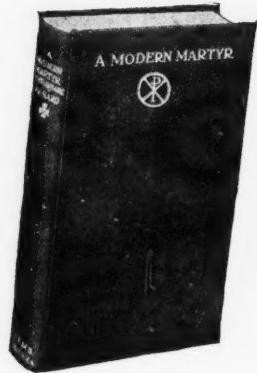
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